EVOLUTION AND REPENTANCE

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Mixed Essays and Addresses on
Aristotle, Plato, and Dante
with Papers on
Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth

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ITHACA · NEW YORK
CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1935

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE PLIMPTON PRESS, NORWOOD, MASS.

TO

ERNEST HATCH WILKINS

PRESIDENT OF OBERLIN COLLEGE

PREFACE

INDULGENT friends of mine have kindly wished to see the following papers or addresses made accessible to a wider public than the audiences for which they originally were intended, and accordingly in revising manuscript I have tried to reduce the more obvious marks of oral delivery to a minimum. My discussion of Aristotle at the University of Michigan did not lend itself to this reduction; the personal note had to remain if the paper kept its identity; and hence I must here specially apologize for the present tone of that discussion, being well aware, however, that the style of oral delivery is not concealed in other parts of the volume by the excision, sometimes more drastic, sometimes less, of personal and local reference.

The paper on Arnold and Wordsworth was read in December, 1926, at a meeting of the Modern Language Association in Cambridge, Massachusetts; it was revised, and later appeared as an article in *The Bookman*, Vol. 69, No. 5 (July, 1929), pp. 479–84, from which it

is now, with slight changes, reprinted by permission of the editor of *The Bookman*. It is included in the present volume at the request of Mr. Burton Rascoe, who was responsible for its issue as a magazine article, and to whom I am indebted for great kindness in other ways. The article on my Concordance of Wordsworth is reprinted by permission of the editor of *The Sewanee Review*, where it appeared in April, 1919; this article, too, has now undergone minor alterations. The paper on Dante's Ulysses, 'The Bridle of Wit,' was given as a Commencement address at Oberlin College in June, 1932. That on 'Evolution' first served as an address to the Cornell chapter of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa. And the other items of the collection have served similar ends at Cornell University, Rutgers University, and the University of Pittsburgh. 'Loss and Gain' was first used at the Commencement Exercises in June, 1921, of Miss Doherty's fine school in Cincinnati.

LANE COOPER

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
May 1, 1935.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD'S ESSAY ON WORDSWORTH

'"GLORY," said M. Renan the other day, "glory after all is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity."' Thus is a great French witness cited by Matthew Arnold in the *causerie* which is now the Preface to his selections from Wordsworth in the Golden Treasury Series. But I quote from the essay as it first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1879. There, after a lively digression on Renan, which was soon excised, Arnold makes the familiar application: 'Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being altogether vanity.'

Besides glory, Arnold received good pay for his article of July, 1879. And in September it reappeared, judiciously amended, in the Golden Treasury. This volume, *Poems of Wordsworth,* must have sold extremely well, for in November it was reissued; there was no further change in

the Preface, but, now and later, several pieces were added to the selections, and a few disappeared. Of these last, oddly enough, the first lines did not all disappear betimes from the Index; at least four remained in 1900. Even in the year 1929, in the twenty-eighth reprinting since the editor died, we are referred on page 329 to a poem on page 221 which is not there. The issue of November, 1879, was reprinted in 1880 and 1882, with additions in 1886, and with slight alterations in 1888, the year of Arnold's death. For some nine years 'poor Matthew' could have supplied himself well with shoestrings from his share of the sales in this venture. He had himself heard Wordsworth say that, 'for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoestrings.' Arnold's chat begins auspiciously by recalling what the opulent Macaulay had said of Wordsworth — how easy it would have been to raise money in his honor at the time of his death.

I come back from the talk of money and Macaulay, of sales and shoestrings, which fills my second paragraph and the first two of Arnold's essay — 'I come back,' as Arnold says, 'to M. Renan's praise of glory, from which

I started,' and to the homely Wordsworth. Is it true that Wordsworth did not think or talk of glory, or did not value it aright? It is not. The reverse is true. For his prose, we need only look at his estimate of national glory in *The Convention of Cintra*. In his verse, he mentions *glory* more often by a third than does Shakespeare, and five times as often as the homely but on occasion 'glorious' Burns. If figures be allowed, Wordsworth in his poems talks of *renown* nine times — as 'O genuine glory, pure renown' — and of *fame* forty-eight times: 'true fame,' 'spurious fame, and short-lived praise,' and so on. And he uses the word *glory* one hundred and thirty-three times; often, of course, in reference to the glory of a flower, or of the heavens; but often enough with regard to his art, and even with a personal reference, thus:

> But to my conscious soul I now can say:
> 'I recognize thy glory.'

Popular applause, and the fame that can be measured by sales, he clearly rated lower than did Arnold, who does not forget them. But what of that lofty verdict which Arnold thinks a Goethe could render for the confederate criti-

cal opinion of modern Europe, on the mastery by a poet of his art? Even that Amphictyonic verdict would fall below Wordsworth's high concept of enduring earthly fame. He sings, with Milton:

> Fit audience let me find, though few.

Arnold's select audience of Stoics and Epicureans, who are to establish the reputation of the modern poet, never would content either Wordsworth or Milton in so far as the poetry of both is Christian. And higher than any earthly tribunal is the divine witness to human glory, that tribunal of last appeal for Lycidas and the Happy Warrior. Here we are in a realm of Miltonic and Wordsworthian faith with which Arnold is unsympathetic.

It is a sound principle to let a poet be his own interpreter. But we see that Arnold can make a statement about Wordsworth and glory without noting the references to fame and glory even in the selections he has made for his own small volume. There is much else that is unsympathetic in the essay, much that is misleading, and something that is even false. If there is no little good, and if the volume brought many to read Wordsworth as Arnold would have

them, that is not enough. The time has come when we should cease to think of this essay as the final utterance which it affects to be. My present aim, while constructive, I hope, with regard to Wordsworth, is frankly destructive of Arnold. Accordingly, after praising the essay a little, I shall proceed to censure it.

In this essay Arnold, as usual, is lucid. He is lucid in his diction, sure and simple in detail, orderly and clear in the general march of his thought. His article in *Macmillan's Magazine* was not lacking in these qualities; his changes and excisions from that article are a lesson in the craft of prose. Further, for the critical standards upon which he builds, he shrewdly employs witnesses: Macaulay, Renan, Goethe, and himself, the Arnold who had written well on Homer. Again, with an effect of perspective, he compares Wordsworth with contemporary English poets, and then, clearly, if less precisely, with the English poets from Spenser down, with the German poets from Klopstock down, with the modern Italian poets down to Leopardi, and with the French poets from Molière to Victor Hugo. His perspective seems large and luminous. Like a careful husbandman, he sows illustrative passages with the

hand, not from the sack. In quoting from Wordsworth, as in choosing poems for the volume, a poetic insight tends to save him from errors of commission. His illuminating humor, too, is well displayed. In his serious vein he rightly dwells upon that healing virtue in Wordsworth which John Stuart Mill also attested. He is at his best in touching on such 'moral ideas' of Wordsworth as he approves; in discussing this universal element in poetry, he quietly borrows from the master of them that know. To mention Aristotle openly might have defeated his purpose. I could say more in praise of the essay, but there ends my necessary praise.

For censure we first may note some errors committed. In April, 1850, Arnold had been quick enough with his *Memorial Verses,* apparently written near the time of Wordsworth's burial. But now, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1879, the year of the poet's death is misdated as 1852. The mistake, though promptly rectified in the Golden Treasury, does not evince solicitude in the critic. Indeed, the *Memorial Verses* themselves, while reverent, linked Wordsworth only with Goethe and Byron, probably the poets of his day with whom he would least care to be linked in a threnody.

Again, the original essay drags in casual matter on Renan, Victor Hugo, and Goethe, that is wisely curtailed in the Preface. But the foreign strands remain in the fabric. When compared, the two versions betray the alien nature of the standards and witnesses Arnold appeals to, and their essential remoteness from the English poet.

As a positive flaw, however, much more serious is the arbitrary treatment of the text in Arnold's selections. In the Preface he says: 'I have not ventured . . . on giving any piece otherwise than as Wordsworth himself gave it.' But the statement is not true. Arnold has neglected the best text of Wordsworth's poems as their author finally gave them to the world in 1845 and 1849–50; he has violated a principle recognized by all sound editors as binding, and one that was so recognized by Wordsworth, who in 1830 wrote to Alexander Dyce: 'You know what importance I attach to following strictly the last copy of the text of an author.' In the previous year he had written: 'I know not what to say about my intended edition of a portion of Thomson. There appears to be some indelicacy in one poet treating another in that way.' Arnold was not so delicate. According to the gentle Edward Dowden: 'Matthew Ar-

nold's choice of poems was excellent; his choice of a text was not judicious; probably his own early associations of pleasure were with that inferior text. In some instances he did what was illegitimate — he silently manufactured a text of his own, such as Wordsworth had never sanctioned or seen, by piecing together readings from more editions than one.' Let us add that Dowden's selections in the Athenaeum Press Series are better than Arnold's, as his Introduction is better than Arnold's Preface; and his text is authentic.

I submit that Arnold's illegitimate procedure in textual criticism, and in naming poems as their author did not wish to name them, raises a presumption against his critical method as a whole. The critic who is unsound in constructing a text will be suspect in allied activities whether of interpretation or criticism. He will be suspect in his judgment of the individuality of his author, in his estimate of that author with regard to time and circumstance, and in his opinion of the types of poetry which that author achieved.

Thus the essay is misleading on Wordsworth's individual style. At his best, we read: 'Nature herself seems . . . to take the pen out of his

hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power.' From this and other judgments we should infer, wrongly, that the poet was a very unsuccessful critic of his own work. But aside from the passages for which Arnold took the pen out of Wordsworth's hand, to concoct for him a garbled and inferior text, there was ample evidence before 1879, indeed before and after 1845, that Wordsworth was a tireless and adroit improver of his art. Further, the essay gives no hint of the noble style ornate in *Waterfowl* or in *The White Doe of Rylstone*. The latter piece is not mentioned by Arnold, though its strength and elaborate beauty, in a sustained effort, win for it a place among the very noblest works of its author. This more elaborate style, with its haunting beauty, is often found in Wordsworth's later poems; for example, in 'Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!' — which was written in 1825, and is included in Arnold's selections.

We must pass over considerations of time and circumstance briefly. Arnold says what has since been repeated, that almost all Wordsworth's best work was produced in the decade between 1798 and 1808; the second date seems to be a mistaken allusion to Wordsworth's

two volumes of 1807, after which there was a lull in his publication of verse. Is it not strange, then, to find that a third of Arnold's selections are from work produced thereafter, some of it as late as 1835 and 1840? It is true, the great task of Wordsworth in his later years was the improvement of work that he did in his prime; and true that his power was hurt by the death of two of his children in 1812. *The Excursion,* published in 1814, caused him grievous labor. But he still had poetic energy in 1820–21; Arnold includes four of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* though the series is belittled in the essay. Wordsworth was then about fifty-one years old; he was over sixty when he added two lines, in *The Prelude,* on the statue of Newton —

> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone —

where the subject rises, according to Arnold, *On Translating Homer,* and the poet rises with it. Most men do their chief constructive work before the age of forty-five or fifty. Shakespeare did so, and Dante, and Virgil. Virgil also gave his latter years to the perfecting of a labor that was shaped in his prime. Why should Wordsworth be thought exceptional?

But Arnold thinks that Wordsworth never had, like Milton, a secure hold upon style. Now we may go far with him in lauding Milton's style, yet not to the point of thinking that Milton never lost his grip on it. Dryden, who had worked through *Paradise Lost* with singular care for *The State of Innocence,* charges Milton with running 'into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together.' This, too, sounds like an exaggeration; yet where, in all the verse that Wordsworth printed, is there writing as slipshod as lines 41–46 in Book 9 of *Paradise Lost?* For that matter, I challenge any one to find a solecism in Wordsworth's prose or verse to match the plural verb 'fill' which has stood in Arnold's essay from July, 1879, to this hour: 'Now a drama or an epic fill the mind.'

Having brought the alleged flat thoughts of Wordsworth into undue prominence, Arnold says that Wordsworth needs to be relieved of his 'poetical baggage.' What poet does not? Why should any one take Wordsworth to be exceptional in this need? Sophocles needed the relief that was given him by the Alexandrian critics; we think the better of him with less than a tenth of his plays. Would not Shakespeare stand better two thousand years from now without *Titus Andronicus, All's Well that Ends*

Well, and the fourth act of *Macbeth?* What of the voluminous Browning? And is the inferior work of Wordsworth as poor as the inferior work of Burns? There are more substance and more art in it.

With regard to literary species, Arnold quarrels with Wordsworth's arrangement of his poems. The Greeks, Arnold contends, understood the division of poetry into types, and their divisions must still be followed. But why? Have Christianity, and the Troubadours, and the Germanic poets, neither altered the ancient types nor added to them? However, Arnold does not classify his selections by the method he recommends; indeed, it could not be done. Nor does he use, or mention, the later, and more workable, divisions of the Greek Anthology. Rather, if we allow for omissions, to a surprising extent he follows Wordsworth's own arrangement; above all, where it mainly counts in the sequence of individual poems. Therein he was wise, for the best editors have preserved that arrangement, and the worst have not. We do well to reflect that Wordsworth's ordering of his poems was done by a skilled and practised artist in landscape.

The Prelude Arnold puts on a level with

The Excursion, though the former was written within the golden decade of 1798–1808. *Vaudracour and Julia,* which he says he cannot read, was, we know, detached from *The Prelude,* and we now know why. The story was too close to the facts of Wordsworth's own hidden romance; even the name 'Vaudracour' is an imitation of his surname. Sainte-Beuve, who learned the secret of Wordsworth's life in France, could have read this poem with sympathetic insight. In our day Harper and Legouis have read it with interest enough. Only in a heartless mood will any one read it without fear and pity. Arnold naturally omits it. Nevertheless, in his selections from both *Prelude* and *Excursion* he has mainly followed the poet's own leading. From *The Prelude* alone Wordsworth could have excerpted a larger body of his finer work than Arnold has garnered in his volume. As for *The Excursion,* there were early interchanges between it and the autobiographical *Prelude.* The essay treats it as an epic poem, decrying its philosophy. It is, however, a dialogue, and as such compares well with other native specimens of a literary type that has not flourished in England. *The Excursion,* a favorite with Lamb, who was a sounder critic than Arnold, is not all

made up of lyrical outbursts, and should not be; nor do the Dialogues of Plato move steadily on the level of the poetic myth which is characteristic of them.

When relieved of his 'poetical baggage,' Wordsworth rises, according to Arnold, to a place in English literature above Spenser, and only below Shakespeare and Milton. 'Chaucer is anterior, and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison.' Why not? Spenser is anterior to Milton; the assumption that he is inferior to Wordsworth is very doubtful. But how exclude Chaucer from the fivefold comparison, when Wordsworth studied, modernized, and imitated him, and also chose subjects from humble and rustic life? 'When I began to give myself up to the profession of a poet for life,' Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson, 'I was impressed with a conviction that there were four English poets whom I must have continually before me as examples — Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton; these I must study, and equal if I could; and I need not think of the rest.'

Arnold's perspective embraces the Renaissance, but not Chaucer, and does not, like that of Wordsworth, reach back to Caedmon and

Bede. He is not interested in Wordsworth's Mediaevalism. He is not interested, as Sainte-Beuve was, in his Christianity, nor yet in his philosophy. 'We cannot do him justice,' says Arnold, 'until we dismiss his philosophy.' Now Arthur Beatty shows that we cannot do the poet justice until we find out what his philosophical connections really were. They do not lie on the surface. Arnold gives no clue to them, nor to the fund, variety, and history of Wordsworth's ideas. Arnold's father cherished some of those ideas — but the son makes light of the 'Wordsworthians.' Still, his selections contain many passages that betray the influence of David Hartley, or Wordsworth's early Neoplatonism. Such passages no anthology, from Arnold's day to this, would omit.

Yet we may wonder if the Neoplatonism will always stand so high in comparison with a more distinctly Christian note, the note Sainte-Beuve hears in a sonnet that was written by Wordsworth as early as the year 1802. As Sainte-Beuve intimates, it is hard to write good Christian poetry. It is easier to write Neoplatonic verse that the crowd will enjoy, and Arnold will accept, albeit Wordsworth's Neoplatonism is less effective than Spenser's. However that

may be, Wordsworth, like Spenser, ultimately got out of this side-current into the main stream of European poetry, which in England, from the beginnings down, has been Christian. With the main stream, Arnold, who leans to Stoicism, and whose longest citation in the essay is from Epictetus, had less in common than his father or that other 'Wordsworthian,' Dean Stanley.

But Arnold is thought to have had much in common with Sainte-Beuve, to have admired him, learned from him, taken him as the model critic. The essay on Wordsworth obviously is a *causerie* after the fashion of Sainte-Beuve. In it we hear that 'on the Continent' Wordsworth 'is almost unknown.' Arnold brightens his page with the glory of eminent Frenchmen who presumably cared not a whit for the 'homely' English poet. Yet he does not mention Sainte-Beuve, commonly esteemed to be the great literary critic of modern times, who had read, imitated, and translated Wordsworth, and whose chance-remarks on the poet, though he wrote no *causerie* on him, cut very deep. Arnold's omission of Sainte-Beuve from the cloud of foreign witnesses is to me the strangest thing about the essay.

In place of Sainte-Beuve stands the great

German witness Goethe. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, as in the Preface, Arnold fails to cite the Sage of Weimar specifically on Wordsworth. He merely quotes an *ipse dixit* of the Sage on the 'absurd' *Hernani* of Victor Hugo, adding: 'So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose judgment on the value of a work of poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.' Observing that Arnold excised the passage, and being almost sure that Wordsworth's not very optimistic opinion of Goethe will at last prevail generally in thinking hearts, I wished to know what Goethe actually thought of Wordsworth. So I turned to Bömig's German dissertation, *William Wordsworth in the Judgment of his Time*. And this is what I learned: 'Goethe himself . . . seems not to have read Wordsworth; at all events his works contain not a single opinion about Wordsworth.'

Thus when we come back to Arnold's talk of Wordsworth and glory, it looks like empty bombast.

THE MAKING AND THE USE OF A VERBAL CONCORDANCE

A CONCORDANCE, as we learn from Sir James Murray, is, in general, an agreement or harmony; more particularly, in the art of music, an agreeable or satisfactory blending of sounds or notes. Further on in his great Dictionary, we observe that the name of 'concordance' is also applied to an 'alphabetical arrangement of the principal words in a book, with citations of the passages in which they occur.' In its application to the art of letters has the metaphor from music lost all its vitality? Let us hope it has not. In those books for which concordances now exist — the King James Bible, for instance — the words have a value for the ear as well as the eye, a significance as musical sounds which their arrangement in alphabetical order may even render more obvious. One is tempted to call the Oxford Dictionary itself (which, among its varied functions, to some extent serves as a concordance to parts of our earlier literature) an agreeable and satisfactory

ordering of the significant sounds or verbal notes in the English language. This gigantic yet delicate framework may, indeed, be likened to a mighty harp, of innumerable strings, from which the bards of our race in the future will draw a music befitting the strength and purity of a world-wide English civilization. That is, we may describe a lexicon not only with respect to the materials of which it is composed, but with respect to its noblest and truest function, the service of poetry. And similarly we may define a concordance of an individual poet with regard not so much to its mechanical structure as to the highest purpose it may serve. It is something more than an alphabetical contrivance for the identification of half-forgotten lines of poetry. It is the gift of Hermes to Apollo.

In brief, we may describe a verbal concordance as an instrument designed for the promotion of literary study, poetical enjoyment, and even poetical achievement. Having once been engaged in assembling the parts of such a mechanism, I shall explain the manner in which my Concordance of Wordsworth came into being, and then indicate, after the fashion of an instrument-maker, not an adept upon the harp, how the finished product may be used.

The history of this concordance is to some extent involved in that of The Concordance Society, which was organized in the year 1906, for some such reasons as follow. The assertion has often been made that the best of our modern poets deserve the kind of study that for generations has been lavished upon the poetry of the ancients. If the assertion be true, there is need of concerted action to provide the scholarly apparatus without which the taste and precision of classical learning cannot be reproduced in the domain of English. The first requisite to an exact and loving study of the poets is, of course, a collection of authentic texts; but here good fortune and the influence of classical and Biblical scholarship upon the editing of English masterpieces have not, after all, left so much to be desired. The next is an adequate historical dictionary of the language — which has been supplied by Sir James Murray and his coadjutors. The third requisite is a sufficient number of indexes to the thought and language of those English authors whom we are prepared to call 'classic.' Here, students of English hitherto have been at a great disadvantage in comparison with their brothers in Greek and Latin.

For example, suppose one discovers that the

works of Shakespeare contain no reference to the Holy Ghost, and suppose one desires to learn whether the same be true of Chaucer and Spenser. Without a verbal index, one must either trust to memory — a thing the experienced will try to avoid; or possibly be forced to read every line that Chaucer and Spenser wrote — which for the ends of the student is hopeless, since the intelligent reader will ask himself fifty such questions in an hour. How different the case when we wish to sate our curiosity respecting the utterances, or the lack of utterance, upon any topic, by Homer or Virgil, or in fact almost any author of classic Greece and Rome. For most of them the indexing long since was adequately done; and hence the critic is not tempted to use an imperfect memory and unguided intuition upon those aspects of Greek and Latin literature which can and should be subjected to a thorough investigation. An undergraduate student once assured me that the word *God* was rare in the writings of Wordsworth; he had heard so in a lecture. It occurs 274 times in the poems of that author, filling about three columns of the Concordance.

When The Concordance Society was founded,

there were verbal indexes of one kind or another to a few of the minor English poets; but of the five authors whom Coleridge and Matthew Arnold ranked highest in our poetry, only two, Shakespeare and Milton, had been provided with concordances. Chaucer, Spenser, and Wordsworth still could be, and were, criticized by guesswork, save when scholars like Professor Legouis approached them. He made a concordance of his own to *The Prelude* before writing his admirable interpretation of this poem. There were, indeed, various signs of a growing interest in English concordances; and the purpose of the new Society was to stimulate the production of such works, to disseminate information concerning those already made, and, where possible, to furnish pecuniary aid to the publication of those that, being satisfactorily completed in manuscript, were likely to prove useful to scholars throughout the world. In its aims, accordingly, the Society was to be international (it has been erroneously referred to in print as the *American* Concordance Society); scholars in all lands were welcome to the privileges of membership, if they were in sympathy with its ideal of service, and content rather to give than to receive.

The first undertaking of this body was the production of a Concordance of the poems of Gray, a task which, through the agreeable and harmonious joining of hands, was completed, even through the printing, with smoothness and speed. The second work to be published under similar auspices, my Concordance of Wordsworth, was not definitely recognized as a project of the Society until some months after the copy was ready for the printer. However, several of the members, and notably the President, not only gave counsel in the planning, but shared in the labor of recording the words and quotations, and in the alphabetical arrangement of the slips. Furthermore, the editor of this second concordance was one of the original members of the Society, and was nerved to his task in part by the hope that he might do something to justify its continued life. Otherwise his motive was the belief that a true lover of Wordsworth (I am not a 'Wordsworthian') could render a more vital service to English literature by the unambitious toil of indexing the works of that poet than by writing enthusiastic essays upon their merits. In reality, to form a concordance of Wordsworth is almost the same thing as making the poet write authentic literary essays about

himself — an object well worth the zeal of any scholar or learned organization.

Experience with the verbal indexes to Gray and Wordsworth has shown that co-operative enterprises of this nature must be planned with great circumspection, and then, at a signal given, carried through with a long breath and a steady rush. Much care must be exercised in formulating the instructions for those persons who are to record the words and quotations. These instructions, brief if possible, must at any cost be clear and specific, incapable of misinterpretation, and expressed with such energy as to command unwavering obedience. Gently, it may be, yet absolutely, they must take from the individual the power of deciding any question for himself. When they have been subjected to the criticism of authorities upon the text which is to be excerpted (to specialists like Dowden and Hutchinson in the case of Wordsworth), it is well to submit them to the scrutiny of men experienced in compiling vocabularies and other works of reference. And finally, it is well if some less experienced hand make a working test of the instructions with the words in fifty lines or so of poetry.

The preliminaries, then, demand more thought

and imagination than they who are unskilled in concordances might suppose. The choice of a basic text, for example, is not to be made at random. Fortunately, in the Oxford Wordsworth, Hutchinson had provided a handy volume, with a scrupulously faithful text, which readily lent itself to the necessary cutting and pasting. Sixteen copies of this book were parted and combined in such a way that there might be eight complete sets of the odd and eight of the even pages, when the alternate sides of the leaves were neglected. Commonly out of the eight or ten words in a line of poetry, four or five are *a*'s, *the*'s, *of*'s, or *and*'s; and four or five are significant words to be recorded, as *long, halloos, screams, echoes, loud;* but even when there were eight important words in a line, the helpers with the Concordance of Wordsworth were able to cut and paste the printed line on eight separate slips of paper recording the words. Where the lines can be cut out and pasted, errors of transcription are avoided, and with a little practice the work goes on with great rapidity. A list of particles and other less significant words must, of course, be compiled in advance, and the principles governing omissions duly weighed. Thus for Words-

worth it was thought better to retain a part of the quotations for certain words that are not included in the main alphabet of Strong's Concordance of the Bible — for instance, the pronoun *I*. Since the serene gaze of the poet often fixed itself upon the very 'pulse' of his own spirit, his utterances in the first person have no ordinary fascination for those who enjoy the study of typical men. Again, though a regard for expense brought about the omission of *as*, the Concordance of Wordsworth (here following Strong) includes references to *like*; so that any one, taking the work in his lap, may remark with the poet:

I sit, and play with similes.

That is, one may pass an agreeable hour recombining the harmonies that Wordsworth saw in nature.

Forethought was also required to devise 728 catch-titles to indicate the names or first lines of the poems that were to be indexed. The difficulty of this task will be understood by those who are familiar with Wordsworth's method of naming and arranging his poems, and with the attempts of certain editors to supply a few names of their own invention, and to substitute

for the poet's artistic ordering of his works a chronological arrangement that he never would have sanctioned. Upon aesthetic grounds, he never could have sanctioned it; and it never has been, or can be, fully determined. The editor of the Concordance is wholly in favor of a conservative treatment both of text and titles, yet strove to render the volume useful to those who are tolerant of the 'chronological' as well as to those who prefer the artistic arrangement of the poems.

In the choice of collaborators the maker of a concordance must be wary. For the work on a text as extensive as that of Wordsworth, one hundred persons would not be too many to enlist; actually there were forty-six; and ten or twenty of the hundred should be kept in reserve to fill the places of any who may drop out. In scholarly operations that have been reduced to the exercise of strict attention and manual dexterity, women as a rule may be expected to do better work than men, though the supremely efficient few are more likely to be found among the men. But, in general, any one who by habit forms exact visual images of words — who spells correctly, as we say — may be chosen to help with a concordance, if he knows how to sweep

cleanly after the fashion praised by George Herbert, that is, if his little, nameless, unremembered acts are 'fine.'

Due attention must be paid to uniformity in the materials that are given to the several collaborators. In the enterprise I have been describing, each received eight copies, as already explained, of a portion of the Oxford Wordsworth (usually about twenty-two pages), and a ninth for reference; a typewritten list of abbreviated titles of the poems in his section of text; and a set of 'Instructions,' also in typewriting. And each was provided with something like 5,000 slips of a uniform color (white), weight, and size (5 x 2½ in.); a set of movable rubber types, a stamp to hold them, and an inkpad; a 'medium' pencil; a pair of scissors; and a supply of library paste. Every item is important. It is necessary to have uniform slips of paper for alphabeting, and desirable to use a pencil, not a pen, for the sake of speed.

The first hundred slips that each collaborator prepared after reading the 'Instructions' were submitted to the editor for his supervision. When they had been returned with corrections or advice, the work was fairly in motion. The aim was to record each word in the text (save

the omitted particles, etc.); the number of the page in the Oxford Wordsworth; the verse in which the word is found; the catch-title used to indicate the poem; and the number of the line. Thus:

joy 640
The bond of union between life and joy.
Prelude 1.558

The following, as it seems to me, is an ideal method for speed and accuracy in recording the words in a typical poem, say a sonnet. Laying 70 blank slips on a table, one stamps in the upper right-hand corner of each the number of the page. Then, in the lower right-hand corner of the first four slips, one stamps or writes the number 1, in the next four or five the number 2, and so on, four or five slips for each of the fourteen lines in the sonnet. The slips still lying (overlapping) on the table, one stamps below the middle of each slip the abbreviated title of the sonnet as found in the typewritten list. Now one gathers up the 70 slips, preserving the order of line-numbers, and on the first four, in the upper left-hand corner, writes the four words which are to be taken from the first line of the sonnet, on four more slips the four

significant words from the second line; and so on; when there are more than five concordance-words in a line, one is likely to have an extra slip from a line where there are but three or four, and the line-number is easily made right with a pencil; in any case there are extra slips at hand. Or, after the page-number and catch-title are on a sheaf of slips, one may spread the sheaf out fan-wise like a deck of cards, and write in the concordance-words and line-numbers; with tape or rubber bands one may keep the slips for consecutive pages of a longer poem handy for subsequent operations. But to return to the sonnet: when all the words of it have been written in the upper left-hand corners of their respective slips, it only remains to cut out the requisite lines from the printed texts, and to paste these lines in the middle of the corresponding slips. Before pasting, it is convenient to cut between the lines of the printed page, leaving them attached at the centre of the page (so that they may be pulled off with the fingers), and to do this for a column of print in five different copies of the text. It might be well to have the neglected sides of the text gummed or otherwise made ready on a large scale for pasting. The secret of speed

and accuracy is to perform a single operation a great many times before turning to the next, and to think out a sequence of operations which affords the easiest transitions and makes the least confusion.

Hyphened words should be recorded in the usual way, but a reference from the second element to the whole word must be made on a separate slip, thus:

reverted

See half-reverted.

The slips for these references had best be kept by themselves for special examination by the editor.

When all the words have been recorded, and all the lines pasted for twenty-two pages, say, the collaborator must check off the slips with the extra text which he has by him, in order to guard against omissions. He will then proceed to arrange his slips alphabetically (the additional references for hyphened words in a separate list) before sending them to the editor. When the slips of all the collaborators have been thus separately ordered and returned, they must be combined in one main alphabet, after which the additional references for hyphened

words must be verified and inserted. This done, the slips should be numbered with an automatic stamp, for the convenience of the printer; and for his guidance also a sample page should be drawn off in typewriting to show how the information on the slips is to appear in the published book. Finally, if the proof-reading is to be done by co-operation, instructions must be devised for the guidance of readers.

Without explaining all the details of the process, I have been thus circumstantial for the sake of any who may engage in a similar enterprise. Part of the experience gained in the making of such works can be transmitted; commonly all is lost. I may warn the prospective imitator that his undertaking in any case will not be light; yet by such means as I have outlined, a concordance that otherwise might usurp half a lifetime may be begun and published in a year or two. Bartlett's Concordance of Shakespeare was begun in 1876; it is dated 1894. Mary Cowden Clarke's concordance of the same author cost her sixteen or eighteen years. Bonitz spent twenty-five years upon his Index of Aristotle; upon his 'exhaustive' Concordance of the Bible Strong spent thirty-five. The 210,994 slips for the Concordance of

Wordsworth were ready for the printer in less than seven months after the signal was given to begin excerpting. Some time elapsed before the generous and high-minded firm of Smith, Elder, and Company was secured as a publisher, and then, notwithstanding the interruption of a strike, the printers, William Clowes and Sons, had sent out revises of the whole work within a year. Through the experience this work has furnished, and through a further division of the labor, a concordance of Browning, which is needed, might be excerpted in a month, alphabetically arranged in another, and printed in twelve.[1] It could be compiled and printed for

1 These words were a kind of prediction; since they were written, a concordance has been made for Browning by Professors Broughton and Stelter, with the help of many assistants, and published through the munificence of Mr. Alfred Hafner (G. E. Stechert and Company). Four other concordances, two of them prepared by the method described in this paper, the other two by a method resembling it, have been published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington: a Concordance of Horace, edited by the present writer; a Concordance of Keats, edited by Messrs. Baldwin, Broughton, Hebel, and Stelter, Mrs. Evans and Miss Thayer; a Concordance of Spenser, edited by Professor Osgood; and a Concordance of Chaucer, edited by Professors Tatlock and Kennedy. The same method was employed by me for a Concordance of the Latin, Greek, and Italian poems of Milton, published by Niemeyer, and a Concordance of Boethius, published by the Mediaeval Academy of America. The life of the Concordance Society ended when, some time after the death of its President, Professor Albert S. Cook, its remaining funds were devoted to the printing of a Concordance of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, compiled by

an amount less than the price alleged lovers of books sometimes will pay for a single copy of an early publication. 'England,' said Professor Skeat, 'is a country where numerous amateur workers, many of them very good ones, can be found for work of this character'; the same thing is true of America; and a man of wealth can perpetuate his name, among those who think and feel, in no better way than by supplying the funds that are necessary for the production of a concordance of the poet whom he loves.

So much for the building of the instrument. What, now, of its function? The use of a concordance is dual. Properly interrogated, the right sort of index tells us both what the poet chose to utter, and what he unconsciously or purposely refrained from uttering. It enables us to define his subject-matter. But whether for purposes of positive or negative definition, such an oracle must be questioned with discernment, or it will answer something wrong. For example, as Professor Jespersen says:

Professor Putnam F. Jones, and also published by the Mediaeval Academy. Mention should be made of yet another publication of this Academy, the Concordance of Prudentius, the work on which was organized according to the method I have described.

'When Milton as a poet uses only 8,000 against Shakespeare's 20,000 words, this is a natural consequence of the narrower range of his subjects, and it is easy to prove that his vocabulary really contained many more than the 8,000 words found in a concordance to his poetical works. We have only to take any page of his prose writings, and we shall meet with a great many words not in the concordance. The greatness of Shakespeare's mind is . . . not shown by the fact that he was acquainted with 20,000 words, but by the fact that he wrote about so great a variety of subjects, and touched upon so many human facts and relations, that he needed this number of words.' There is, then, an element of chance to be considered. That Shakespeare did not write the word *Bible* may be more or less of an accident, as compared with his failure to allude to the Trinity. He does employ the expression *holy writ*.

In the case of Wordsworth the negative element is of the utmost importance. We know from various sources that he early determined to avoid satire, and took what measures he could to prevent the publication of his adaptations from Juvenal; that

> The gentle Lady married to the Moor,

the tragedy of *Othello,* though a theme 'pre-eminently dear' to him as a reader, was the kind of subject which as a poet he steadily refused to touch, saying with a reminiscence of the Moor's own history:

> The moving accident is not my trade;

and that he would not permit himself to represent the passion of love, for fear the violence of his emotions might cause him to overstep the bounds of art. Accordingly, the language of satire, of the battling tragic hero, or of the Sapphic or Shelleyan love-trance, is not the language of the Concordance of Wordsworth. The few lines that have been resurrected of his free translation of Juvenal stand out in their harshness from the rest of his poetry. As for the tragic struggle and the tragic fall, it is the inner, spiritual, not the outer, bodily, motions that he constantly seeks to unfold. Physical action, he says, 'is transitory';

> Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
> And shares the nature of infinity.

It has been said that he was deficient in the sense of smell. If so, the Concordance might be expected to furnish very few words referring

either to smell or taste. So far as I have observed, the allusions to taste are infrequent. Out of thirty occurrences of *bitter,* virtually all are figurative: *bitter insult, bitter loss,* and so on. *Honey* occurs six times. On the other hand, *fragrance* occurs twenty-two times, *fragrant* thirteen, *incense* and its compounds thirteen, *odours* seven, *odorous incense* two, *thyme* five. Again, it has been held that he was without humor, and certainly the language of Aristophanic comedy, or of Falstaff, forms no considerable part of his vocabulary. However, it is not quite safe to affirm that the student of Cambridge who 'laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade' — at the *Reeve's Tale* — or the poet who subtly made use of Chaucer's *House of Fame* in *Peter Bell,* and was the sympathetic friend of Lamb, and in earlier life contended with an over-frequent impulse to smile, was wholly deficient in a sense of the ludicrous. As he read *Othello,* yet avoided representing what Othello calls 'moving accidents,' so when he modernized Chaucer, he did not select the *Reeve's Tale.* If, in spite of Book Seventh of *The Prelude* and a few shorter efforts like *The Power of Music,* subjects and language of a humorous nature are relatively lacking in the

poetry of Wordsworth, the reason may be one of those numberless inhibitions which are hard to discover, simply because they are inhibitions. When the deliberate and habitual choice of an elevated matter, as the action and passion of the human heart in an atmosphere pulsating with divinity, has necessitated the rejection of many lower topics, the unwary may think that the poet is wanting in certain powers that unquestionably were his. Arnold, I believe, and doubtless Jeffrey, never formed a careful estimate of the strength of self-repression in *The White Doe of Rylstone* or *Vaudracour and Julia.* It is hard to measure the workings of restraint in others, and Wordsworth knew this as well as Burns; but the Concordance would furnish abundant evidence of the quality in Wordsworth's writing, had we time to consider the evidence here. A few illustrations must suffice.

First Wordsworth's vocabulary is rich in negatives, in words compounded with the prefixes *dis-* and *un-*; richer, comparatively, where I have tested it, than Shakespeare's; much richer absolutely than Milton's. However, he does not use the same word very often. Of each of the following words, which are almost consecutive in the alphabetical list, there

is but one occurrence: *unabating, unacceptable, unaccompanied, unadored, unadulterate, unadulterated, unadvisedly, unaffected, unaffecting, unaimed, unaired, unamused.* Yet *unambitious,* which is found in neither Milton nor Burns, nor yet Shakespeare, occurs nine times in Wordsworth. Frequently he elects to express a positive idea by a double negative, thus:

Not unamused.
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes.
And for thy bounty wert not unadored.
Not unassisted by the flattering stars.

Moreover, he employs many qualifiers to diminish the force of a positive notion:

Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim.
But, with a less ambitious sympathy.
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.

Out of fifty-two hyphened compounds in which the first element is *half-*, forty-four have but one quotation each. The following illustrate the delicacy of his mental operations: *half-absence, half-insight, half-reverted, half-slumber, half-suppressed, half-wisdom* —

And that half-wisdom half-experience gives.

But his manifest avoidance of certain words and ideas is even more significant. Notwithstanding the construction that is often put upon his remarks concerning the diction of *Lyrical Ballads,* the language of Wordsworth is characterized by an absence of terms that are mean and low, as his thought by an absence of mean and low ideas. Whereas the occurrences of the words *beautiful, beauty,* and their cognates fill over three columns, the word *ugliness* does not occur at all, and the word *ugly* but once — in the phrase *ugly witchcraft,* that is, not in the sense of 'physically repulsive.' With Milton *uglier* occurs once, *ugly-headed* once, and *ugly* thrice. Shelley uses *ugly* nine times, Shakespeare twenty-seven. When Wordsworth refers to what is painful or unpleasant, he is likely to use a superior word. *Repulsive,* indeed, occurs only once; but the idea which he does not admit under the term *ugly* he may under *hideous.* He uses *hideous* thirteen times; Milton uses it fifteen, Shelley twenty-two, Shakespeare twenty-three.

It has been intimated that statistics of this order must be interpreted with caution. Neither *hideous* nor *ugly* is recorded in the canonical books of the Authorized Version, although the

Bible does not lack the corresponding ideas. Yet that Wordsworth should have written *ugly* but once, *repulsive* but once, and *unlovely* but twice, is characteristic of his aims in composition. *Dirt, dirty, filth, filthy, slime, slimy,* and *hog,* all, or nearly all of them, one may find in Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley. Only one of them is found in the poetry of Wordsworth:

> Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
> The useless fragment;

and this is the sole occurrence.

If the characteristic thus negatively displayed fails to harmonize with the theory of poetic diction that is commonly ascribed to Wordsworth, there may be several reasons. First, there is Lord Jeffrey. It will be recalled that the *Poems in Two Volumes,* of 1807, contain a large proportion of the verse Matthew Arnold selected for his Wordsworthian anthology. But Lord Jeffrey in his time had said that the diction of those two volumes had 'nowhere any pretensions to elegance or dignity.' And people who had little acquaintance with the history of words believed him when he declared that a kind of ode 'to the Daisy' was 'very flat, feeble, and affected,' and that 'further on we find an *Ode to*

Duty, in which the lofty vein is very unsuccessfully attempted.' Nowadays, when they hear that the *Ode to Duty* was thought by Professor T. H. Green to be 'the high-water mark of modern poetry,' people are willing to believe this, too. Next, the language of the poet had its own individual development. The Concordance represents the final stage. Says Hutchinson: 'With the revision of 1845 the textual history of Wordsworth's minor poems may be said virtually to close. The course of that history is pithily described by Professor Dowden: "Boldness," he writes, "in these readings was followed by tameness [1827], by infelicity [1836–7], and, finally, by felicity" [1845; 1849–50].' Thirdly, the critics of Wordsworth have generally dwelt upon one source of his language, namely men in actual life, and paid little or no attention to the principles, for he must have had them, by which he selected and 'purified' the elements of his medium of expression. I do not recall that he explicitly states what his standard of selection was, even where he mentions his having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, 'which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets.' But his practice is

clear. When any one objected to his usage, for example, to the word *caroused* in *Ruth* —

> her cup of wrong
> She fearfully caroused —

he instantly defended it upon historical grounds, supporting his contention for its rightness with instances, from Spenser and the Elizabethan dramatists down, in a way that would cheer Dr. Bradley and Professor Skeat. It was not probable, he thought, that the ordinary reader would be so familiar as the poet with the changes of meaning that words have undergone. Doubtless he would have found a use for the Concordance of Gray, who, as Wordsworth says, 'was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction'; for no oracle can reveal so much of the history of words as a series of concordances of the poets.

We are turning from the negative to the positive functions of such works. Positively, from a study of the alphabetical list, Wordsworth's diction may be described as elevated, and chosen for its musical quality, as well as its general intelligibility, from elements of speech that had been in use from the time of Spenser to his own day. If words may be classified like men,

according to their nobility, as average, or below or above the average, his language is found to be consistently above the average. It is pure, clear, dignified, and musical. Burke says in his treatise *On the Sublime and Beautiful*: 'It is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though owned by themselves unoperative, without being in some degree affected; especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them, as suppose:

Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.'

It is hard to read the passages containing any one of these in the Concordance — for they are all Wordsworthian — without being in some degree affected. No page of that work will leave the lover of good English cold.

The musical quality of Wordsworth's lines, though positive, is not obtrusive. We are not to think that he gave either too little heed, or too much, to this aspect of his art. In a letter to Mrs. Clarkson, he writes: 'To you I will whisper that *The Excursion* has one merit if it has no other, *viz.* variety of musical effect.' And to R. P. Gillies he says: 'If you write more blank verse, pray pay particular attention to your versification, especially as to the pauses on the first, second, third, eighth, and ninth sylla-

bles. These pauses should never be introduced for convenience, and not often for the sake of variety merely, but for some especial effect of harmony or emphasis.' He makes no extravagant use of alliteration.

> Departed promptly as a Page;
> Promptly received, as prodigally brought;
> With praise, as genuine admiration prompts;

are exceptional. It is more in keeping with what we know of him to find him changing

> and *promptly* shall be paid
> The well-remembered debt,

to

> and *quickly* shall be paid
> The well-remembered debt.

Looking through the first eighty occurrences of the word *long* in Shelley, I seemed to discover more cases of the alliteration of this word with another in the same line than was true of Wordsworth; but the proportion actually is the same. Is Wordsworth's ear more delicate than Shelley's? Shelley, misquoting *The Excursion,* writes:

> And *those whose* hearts are dry as summer dust;

where Wordsworth had said:

> And *they whose* hearts are dry as summer dust.

The Concordance shows that Wordsworth's vocabulary is rich, or, as Professor Jespersen would say, that the poet had occasion to speak about a great many 'human facts and relations.' Judging by the letter A, we find, on an average, about seven occurrences of every word employed, and since about 210,000 quotations were sent to the printer, Wordsworth would seem to have used about 30,000 words. Deducting somewhat for repetitions of the same stem in words like *address, addressed, addressing,* that is, counting as has been done for Shakespeare, we may say that, if Shakespeare used 24,000 words, the highest estimate I have seen, and Milton, in his verse, at the most 13,000, then Wordsworth possibly used 20,000. It is difficult to institute just comparisons of this sort, but the last number betrays no narrowness of subject or interest in Wordsworth.

Rather, it can be shown that his interests were varied as well as profound. As to variety, what has been said of words beginning with *un-* and *half-* may be more generally applied; and though the average number of quotations to a word be estimated at seven, this is due to the fact that a few important words are used so often as to occupy each of them several columns,

frequently several pages. Taking a page at random, however, I find an average of not quite five quotations to a word. In general, then, he does not employ the same word many times. *Excursion* occurs once in the singular and once in the plural, but not in the poem of that name. *Drift* occurs twice, *label* once, *liturgy* once (not in the 1848 lines of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* but in *The White Doe of Rylstone*); *Africa* twice, *Asia* twice, *Australian* once, *America* twice, *American* once. Wordsworth mentions his own surname twice, that of Coleridge thrice, and the names of other poets as follows: Chatterton (1), Horace (3), Chaucer (4), Burns (5), Spenser (6), Shakespeare (10), Milton (15). Homer, Virgil, and Gray are each referred to once, Virgil, a favorite of Wordsworth, only in *Virgilian.* It frequently occurs that the subject of a poem, after appearing in the title, is not mentioned by name in the text. Occasional reiterated phrases, like those in *The Thorn,* can often be explained in a special way. *The Thorn* is supposed to be a story told by a garrulous sea-captain.

Where the interests of the poet are the deep interests of humanity, we may expect to find the great simple words of the language again and

again appearing. *Nature* and *natural,* of course, occur a great many times in Wordsworth, sometimes in less familiar combinations, as:

To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds;

or:

If simple Nature trained by careful Art;

or:

From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets;

but the words *mind* and *man* and *human* are still more frequent. Some persons may be astonished at this greater frequency, having been accustomed to think of him as the poet of external rather than human nature. To these I can only say that the proportion is strictly in keeping with the shift of interest, from 'nature' to 'man,' which according to his own record took place in him before he passed the age of twenty-two. It is in keeping with the lines in which he calls *the Mind of Man*

My haunt, and the main region of my song;

with the substance of most of his poems; and with the dictum of Aristotle concerning the proper objects of poetical representation,

namely human action and experience. In fact, the large words in the Concordance are not those that represent the objects of the senses, the analytic operations of the intellect, or even the commoner of the less admirable passions, so much as those that stand for the universal activities of the imagination, and the great structural emotions, if I may so term them, of human life. *Life, living, power, heart,* and *love* are among the richer words; there is no space here to discuss the poetical vision of conduct that gleams among his utterances under these and their cognates. But let us take one definition. We live, says Wordsworth, in a passage that the maker of concordances may justly appropriate —

> We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love.

We die, or contract our lives, then, by disparagement, fear, and hate. The numerical comparison of such words reveals that Wordsworth, a constructive artist, though he arouses all the chief emotions in his reader, still maintains the supremacy of *life* over *death, praise* over *blame, hope* over *fear, love* over *hate.* It is not accidental that the word *hate* occurs 23 times, and *love* 761, or that *spirit* occurs four times as

often as *body*. *Fear* may be salutary as well as destructive; it occurs 255 times. *Suspicion* occurs 5 times, *envy* 24, *anger* 28; *joy* 356, *hope* 404. *Nature* occurs 395 times, *nature's* 152, *natural* 101; *human* 294, *men* 324, *soul* 401, *mind* 540, *man* 696. *Bad* occurs 19 times, *evil* 79, *miserable* 25, *wretched* 36; *happy* 257, *good* 396. These figures, however crude, serve to show what Wordsworth means by

> The bond of union between life and joy.

Space fails for a consideration of endless topics upon which the Concordance would throw abundant light; upon *pulse, impulse, machine, machinery,* as Wordsworth applies them to human, and to what we should call inorganic, nature; upon his distinction, exploited by De Quincey, between the literature of 'knowledge' and the literature of 'power'; upon the relations between 'fancy' and 'imagination'; upon the much larger number of references to the eye, and slightly larger to *see* and *seen,* than, respectively, to the ear, and to *hear* and *heard*; upon the delicacy of perception evinced by a succession of words like

> Glance, glanced, glances, glancing, glare, glared, glares, glaring, glassed, glassy, glazed, glead, gleam,

gleamed, gleaming, dim-gleaming, dimly-gleaming, mildly-gleaming, gleams, gleamy, glimmer, glimmered, glimmering, glimmerings, glimmers, glimpse, glimpses, glinted, glisten, glistened, glistening, glistenings, glistens, glistered, glistering, glitter, glittered, glittering, thickly-glittering, glitters, gloom, gloomiest, glooms, gloomy, gloss, glossy, glow;

or upon the way in which Wordsworth's shorter poems are vitally connected with his longer, so that we cannot fully understand

She was a Phantom of delight,

without consulting another reference to his wife,

She came, no more a phantom,

which is in *The Prelude*. Wordsworth himself explicitly tells us that his briefer works are related to *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* as the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses of a Gothic church to the apse and body of the structure. No labor could be more fascinating, or more rewarding, than the search for these relations in his poetry, yet no aspect of his genius has been more steadily ignored than the constructive power this study reveals. But a more important subject still is his increasing, or gradually intenser, sympathy with traditional religion as the great poetical effort of the

English imagination. A certain Patty Smith, the type of all shallow readers, 'talks,' said he, 'of my being a worshiper of Nature. A passionate expression, uttered incautiously in the poem upon the Wye, has led her into this mistake; she, reading in cold-heartedness, and substituting the letter for the spirit. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there is nothing of this kind in *The Excursion*. . . . Whence does she gather that the author of *The Excursion* looks upon Nature and God as the same?' It is in dealing with such problems that the Concordance may become most helpful.

Space fails also for a consideration of the similes that are grouped under the word *like*. Here the Concordance has nine columns of reading-matter not so very much less disconnected than Shelley's ode *To a Skylark*. Seven of the lines in Shelley's ode begin with *like*, yet there is no necessary order in his comparisons. Is it jocular to remark that the similes in the Concordance were not left to welter in a chaos of unpremeditated chance? There is at least a mechanical reason for their sequence, though at first glance the effect may not always seem highly poetical.

Nevertheless the Concordance was designed

for the service of poetry, and for the fit though few who can properly use it. As Hermes, the keen-sighted, the patron of all students of literature, could find no better gift for Apollo, the god of poetry and friend of the Muses, than a humble instrument made of reeds and cords, a piece of leather, and a tortoise-shell, so the scholar can bring no gift more welcome to the poet and the friend of Mnemosyne than the simple instrument here described. Yet the scholar may say to the ideal student of poetry, as Hermes to Apollo:

To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong —
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

THE PERENNIAL SCHOOLMASTER AND GREEK[1]

THE ANCIENT rhetoricians, and Aristotle among them, held that the first business of a speaker was to catch the good will of his audience. And hence they sharply limited the extent to which he might put himself forward and appear very openly to talk about himself. Yet there were times when he might do so. Please let us regard this as such a time. I wish to use the first personal pronoun for various reasons, one being that it will allow me to speak of other men who have tried to win favor for Greek and all philosophy.

When I was a boy some eight or nine years old, my revered father, Jacob Cooper, then teaching Greek at Rutgers College, was called to a chair of philosophy at the University of Michigan. In the end he did not take it, although strongly moved to do so, and though the invitation lay open to him for over a year. He subsequently became professor of philosophy at

1 A lecture delivered at the Classical Conference of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, Ann Arbor, April 30, 1927.

Rutgers, after half a lifetime spent in the company of the Greek poets, and of Plato and Aristotle. At the time of his call to Michigan, there naturally was much talk of it in our household, and among our friends. Had he left New Jersey, how different the life of our family would have been! Very likely not one of the surviving children, three sons, would have had precisely the careers we have followed. For myself, I often have thought how the change would have affected me. And, of course, I have been thinking again of it ever since Professor Bonner paid me the gracious compliment of an invitation to speak to you. As it happens, I never before had the good luck to visit Ann Arbor, where I might well have grown up to study the Greek philosophers and Greek; for, whatever the chances and vicissitudes of life, it is hardly conceivable that the two studies, united in my father, should ever have been totally omitted from my experience. Would only that I and my generation had more of them! They are, indeed, divinely joined to each other, though the modern schoolman, to his undoing, has of late attempted to divorce them.

My father was reared in poverty on a farm in southern Ohio. By heroic efforts, with but a

very little time at school, he prepared himself to enter the Junior year at Yale College. On arriving there, he underwent an informal examination on his general fitness, and the first question put to him was: 'How much Greek have you read?' 'Three thousand pages,' said my father. 'You mean three thousand lines?' 'No; three thousand pages.' He had read the bulk of classical Greek literature for himself, a slender youth, while wrenching a livelihood for his mother out of a reluctant hilly farm. Apart from the Bible, his favorite reading throughout a long laborious life was in Homer and Plato. But he did not neglect Aristotle. In my Senior year at Rutgers, we read the *Metaphysics* through; in Greek, be it understood. He did not neglect grammar and syntax, either, nor yet Greek composition. But he regarded all linguistic drill as subsidiary to the affair of learning to read. And, as he knew the Hebrew Bible by heart, and read both Greek and Latin fluently, we got from him the notion that a book in Greek or Latin, like a book in English, is a thing that is meant to be read, for the substance. That is a notion the pupil does not get from a teacher who cannot read books in the language he professes to teach.

Accordingly, when I accepted the kind invitation from Professor Bonner, I was minded to tell the audience about my father, something about Plato, Aristotle, and Homer, and a little even about my friends at Cornell and what we have done there for Greek. Since we have done it with the help of Plato, I have tried also to discharge a debt to Plato. He has fertilized our teaching of literature in Ithaca. There is no one to equal him in putting ideas into the mind of the American undergraduate. Reading Plato maketh a full man. And to-day I wish to talk of Aristotle, Homer, and an introductory course in Greek. In a general way, 'the perennial schoolmaster' means every one of us; more especially, it means the teacher of literature and language. In particular, it means Aristotle; and 'Greek' means first of all Homeric Greek.

Of Aristotle as the perennial master of those who seek to know, it would be easy to speak at great length, though not easy to give a well-rounded sketch of his influence. As every man is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, a history of the doctrine of either Plato or Aristotle would be a survey of European thought. In one way or another, the influence of Aristotle enters into every phase of mediaeval and modern cul-

ture. I can therefore propose to speak only in a very general way of Aristotle in Europe, and shall then limit the subject by considering his influence in my time at Cornell University. He has exerted a powerful influence there on the study of literature, and thence on the study of Greek, so that in the past few years the study of Greek has with us shown abundant signs of a return to vigorous life.

This simple programme will force me to touch upon what I myself have tried to do for classical studies, and what has been done for them by some of my friends and pupils, notably by Professor Drummond and Professor Caplan. What we have effected at Ithaca may well encourage our fellows in other schools; its importance does not need to be minimized. There can be no doubt whatever about the success of Professor Drummond and Professor Caplan. Drummond has not only vivified the subject of Rhetoric at home; through the teachers he has trained and sent out, he has altered for the better the teaching of Rhetoric throughout the country. He has done so in the main by a successful use of Aristotle's work on the subject, together with the use of various writings of Cicero and the epistle attributed to Longinus.

And Caplan, who, like Drummond, was trained with the help of both the *Rhetoric* and the *Poetics* of Aristotle, has put Greek on a new footing with us through a beginners' course in Homer. Both these pupils of mine are skilful teachers, and all the more so because they have learned expedients in teaching from the wise and subtle schoolmaster of Europe; but what they have accomplished could, with the help of Aristotle, be duplicated at any other school in the country. The conditions at Ithaca were rather adverse than otherwise when I began my efforts for an Aristotelian study of poetry and prose over a score of years ago. Young students, and even their elders, are sometimes offended by the very name of Aristotle; long habits of concealment made me cover it up in the title of this lecture. On the other hand, the use of Aristotelian thought, without mention of the source, tends to give one a reputation for wisdom. That helps. But the one very favorable condition at Cornell University has always been great freedom for the teacher. An instructor is not compelled to lecture to his classes; he may actually teach if he so choose. I dare say this part of our freedom is not unknown elsewhere.

Well then, when I began to teach classes in

'English' at Cornell in the year 1902, I had not read 3000 pages of Greek, but, while at Rutgers, had read a fair amount in the original, and, in the years between, somewhat more of the Greek literature in good translations. And I had been brought up to the notion that language was a means to the end of conveying and receiving thought — that one studied books for the substance that was in them. Among other books, under the stimulus of my friend Professor Cook at Yale, a friend of my father, I had come to see that the *Poetics* of Aristotle was not merely an interesting 'historical' document, but was packed full with living matter. Yet, as a fledgling university teacher, I quickly found that neither my pupils nor I knew enough of the classics for a profitable study of the English language and literature. We understood in a general way, of course, that English literature, directly or indirectly, is a wholesale adaptation of the Latin, and that Latin literature is one grand imitation of the Greek. But we had no working knowledge of these matters in detail, no means of qualifying our general impressions. We were not worse off than most. If any of the other teachers of English knew more of these things, they did not use their knowledge to any

settled purpose in class. As for the teachers of the ancient classics, I am bound to say they knew more about English and its literature than did the majority of their colleagues in other subjects; and, especially by means of Greek and Latin composition, they taught their students more about correct English in a month than our students learned about it from courses in daily themes and the like in a year. But the teachers of the classics kept their distance; we in English saw relatively little of their fortunate students. When, from the first, and year by year, I proposed to the department of English that we should put a certain statement about Greek and Latin into our departmental announcement of courses, the proposal annually met the rebuff: 'What have they ever done for us?' The word 'they' did not specifically refer to the ancient classics; my suggested statement was itself to the effect that Greek and Latin would be a good preliminary to specialization in English. 'What have they done for us' signified: 'When has either department of classics ever officially recognized the department of English?'—as if that question answered our needs.

And so I began to build a little bridge of my own between classics and English. If the moun-

tain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet can go to the mountain. At first, as now, I sent every promising Freshman and Sophomore I could, and upperclassmen too, into Greek and Latin. If, after two years, any came back into English, well and good; they brought with them some intensive contact with good authors. They did not say 'different *than*'; and they kept the peace between a plural subject and its verb when a prepositional phrase with a noun in the singular intervened. And if they remained as special students of the classics, well and good. Promising students, future guides of civilization, are better off in the classics alone than in any modern language alone. But that was not enough. By some strange mischance, the teachers of classical literature in America have done almost nothing to introduce their pupils in the undergraduate stages to the more important of the classical treatises on literature. Such treatises as the *Poetics* and *Rhetoric* of Aristotle surely belong to the field of the classics, and offer the best principles by which to interpret and judge the masterpieces of ancient poetry and prose; yet the study of the *Poetics* has fallen into the hands of the moderns. I actually learned about the existence of this work

from a teacher of English. And the *Rhetoric* has been used, if at all, or mainly condemned, by teachers of modern public speaking. No doubt the indifference of the classical teachers to both these works arises from the fact that immature students are not prepared to read either of them in the original Greek. Obviously, both should be read in a good translation, if we are going to apply them quickly to Homer and Greek eloquence in general. But, apart from that, it seemed to me that the teachers of the classics, with nearly all the best cards in their hands, were not playing bridge. At the start of the game, they were trying to take tricks with a jack like Xenophon, when the right play was a king like Homer. The cards are there for any one to play.

I therefore advertised a course in translations of the classics. It has caught many a fine student for Greek, and latterly it has given further development to many a fine student of Greek and Latin. Ever since the classical folk in our College of Arts and Sciences discovered that they had a practical friend in a teacher of English, it has been possible to develop the best students of literature in an ideal way. These are students of Greek, Latin, and English. To

cut a long story short, my ace is Aristotle, and my king in the trump suit is Homer. The essence of my course in translations is the application of the literary principles of Aristotle to the study of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* from which those principles were by him in the main abstracted, and to the study of that Attic literature which is so heavily indebted to those two poems.

Let us examine the Ace. We may suppose Aristotle to be the finest example of an encyclopaedic mind that the human race has brought forth. There was almost no aspect of Greek learning or science which he did not illuminate. Some branches he founded; others he reorganized and completed. He still remains the greatest organizer of human science. He had the utmost philosophic breadth, and therewith had a passion for detail, an unappeasable interest in the concrete fact. He summed up what went before him; he showed the way to what has followed. The net result of all investigation, up to and including his own, he harmonized in one philosophy. That was the whole. This whole he divided into two main parts, the ethical or moral sciences, which have to do with human nature, and the physical sci-

ences, which have to do with our environment. We have since learned much about the environment that he did not know, and have subdivisions of science — chemistry, for example — which the Greeks did not invent. The deader the material, the more we know about it in comparison with Aristotle. On the other hand, the Greeks, from Homer down, knew a great deal about human nature, how it thinks, what passions move it, what it is going to do or say next. If a man has said or done A, he is likely or certain to do or say B. Consequently, Aristotle pushed some of the branches of learning that have to do with human nature almost as far as they can go, or at all events as far as Greek human nature went. There never was a better race of thinkers, or speakers, or poets, than the Greeks, and hence in the study of logic, rhetoric, and poetry, Aristotle went very far indeed. At times in the Middle Ages he was quite generally regarded as the authority upon every subject he dealt with, though the trick of questioning his authority is also mediaeval; it doubtless began before that, in Alexandrian scholarship or science, and did not begin, as is commonly supposed, with Bruno, Galileo, or Bacon. In the Renaissance, objection was

raised to his physical science, and, above all, to his astronomy; but the text of his *Poetics* and *Rhetoric* now became known again, and their actual worth, however misinterpreted, gave a new direction to his power as a dictator. The reason why this perennial schoolmaster has so often been taken for an authority is simple. He is almost always right. One may say that, so far as it was possible for a man in his day to have knowledge, outside the realm of mathematics and astronomy, Aristotle was, in essentials, always right. He may have felt a little shy when he came to Athens, and saw at the door of the Academy the warning: 'Let no one enter without geometry.' Yet somehow he passed the Board examination, and Plato let him in. Nor did he abandon hope in mathematics after braving the ominous portal. Some think it would have been better had he done so. Yet, apart from stellar physics, his mistakes in detail are negligible. In natural science as a whole he was far superior to Bacon, whose contributions to it are not to be compared with those of the Greek. Aristotle certainly knew, used, and partly described the inductive method of investigation. If he was anywhere seriously deficient, it was in mathematical deduction. And

even here I believe it may become too much the fashion to overrate his deficiency because of its later results; for certain it is that his vogue in the Middle Ages delayed the discovery, or rediscovery, of the rotation of the earth and the revolution of the planets about the sun. His vogue put off this rediscovery for 1800 years. We are aware that Aristarchus propounded the heliocentric theory but a generation or so after Aristotle's death; and it is clear, too, that Copernicus took the hint from Aristarchus.

It is rather the fashion nowadays to rate Aristotle high as a biologist; and with good reason, for he may count as the very founder of scientific zoology. Thus a colleague of mine, in tracing the history of our knowledge concerning the poison-glands of the scorpion-fish, finally learned to his surprise that the poisonous action of that group of fishes was first observed by Aristotle. And it is believed by other specialists that his anticipations of modern research in zoology have not by any means been all perceived. In certain ways we have not caught up with him.

But it seems to me that Aristotle's power as a biologist shows best in a different or wider field from that of zoology in the narrow sense.

Biology is the science of life; wherever life is found, there you may have the science of it; and as life is everywhere, the science is unrestricted, universal. This is the concept held by Aristotle himself. He is specific enough wherever he goes to work, always observing the details; but he is a biologist of the broadest kind, always interested in every shape and manifestation of the living principle, always keen, sure, and philosophic in his generalizations concerning life. For zoology, in the narrower sense, the range of the objects he could study was somewhat limited. It used to be thought that the expeditions of his pupil Alexander the Great furnished Aristotle with huge supplies of rare specimens from the ends of the earth. But now we are more sceptical about that source of supplies. It rather appears that a large share of his zoological observations must be associated with the island of Lesbos, where he spent a portion of the time intervening between his two main periods at Athens. There was plenty of life of a higher sort in Athens — that is, human life. And it is as a biologist with respect to human life, and to the principal manifestations of human life, that Aristotle is greatest. The ethical sciences are higher than the physical or

natural, as man is a higher thing than a material object, or than one of the brutes. Not only that, but human life and conduct had been studied in Greece as never before or since except in the time of Aristotle and by him.

Therewith we come to his interest in literature, which is the supreme representation of life as we know it. Literature represents human life at its best. As Milton says: 'Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. . . . He who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.' Now Aristotle is not so much interested in the dead anatomy of a book as in the live anatomy of it, its physiology. As for Greek literature, this, I suppose every one will allow, is the best expression of human life outside the Bible and the direct progeny of the Bible. Taken all in all, it is a better literature than any that has succeeded it. And Aristotle knew that literature very well. He had access to far more of it than the limited portions now surviving. He was a systematic student of it; and his collection of literary specimens, therefore, was richer by far than his supply for research in the lower forms of life. Furthermore,

he was not an unguided pioneer in the study of literature; there had been very good critics, notably Plato, before him; and he himself had a unique capacity for utilizing the work done in any field by contemporaries and predecessors. But, few specimens or many, many critics or few, it is the great merit of Aristotle that he studied the forms of literature as forms of life. The *Odyssey* or the *Iliad,* or the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles, was to him a living organism.

The consequence of his advantages and his method is this. While we may not take Aristotle as a dictator in matters of taste, while we must always do as he does, testing generalization by concrete example, we nevertheless are bound to regard him as the greatest literary critic that ever lived. So he has been regarded by the ablest critics who have studied and restudied, tested and retested, him. I do not mean that he has said the last word in literary criticism; but no one else ever had such opportunities as he; no critic as great had such a wealth of the best material for study; no one else stood on the shoulders of such critics as those that preceded him, or came as the climax of a comparable movement in criticism. And

to such opportunities no one else has joined such powers of analysis and synthesis with a like philosophical and scientific method. If Aristotle has not said the last word on epic poetry and the drama, no one is likely to go farther who has not accompanied Aristotle as far as he went. Even now, most critics do not go so far. Without him, it is easier, if unwise, to go far in the study of birds and fishes.

But there is another point. As a student of literature, Aristotle begins where, on any reasonable plan, the study of European literature must begin. He begins with Homer. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the beginning of Greek literature, and they are, by common consent, the best things in it. Sometimes we try to peer behind them into their probable sources, and so did Aristotle. Into that dark problem he saw better than we do, for he was nearer to it, and, when he lived, the obscurity preceding Homer was somewhat less obscure than now; I do not have in mind, of course, any question of archaeology, but only the question of literary sources. With the *Iliad,* however, we emerge into clear light. In the clear light of Homer, beneath which every man is alive, and every action

distinct, Aristotle begins his investigation into the nature of poetry.

His own study of Homer is, so to speak, another beginning. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had, indeed, been studied before. All Greece knew these poems by heart. All the Greek poets from Hesiod down had studied Homer, and so had the Greek philosophers. Socrates and Plato had studied him. It is impossible to read Aeschylus or Plato with an adequate understanding of them if one has not first read Homer. More than that, there were technical treatises that dealt with the two epic poems. In the *Poetics* Aristotle refers to a baker's dozen of writers on poetry and art; there must have been a fat crop of writings in his time, and just before it, on the subject of art, and the art of poetry, and the history and technique of the drama. When an age takes up the writing of critical treatises, as we see in the Italian Renaissance, there is likely to be an Egyptian plague of them. And in Greek theories of the poetic art the criticism of Homer must necessarily have bulked large; it is a fair inference from the discussions of Homer in the works of Plato, and from Aristotle's own treatises in criticism. But of those lost writers we know almost nothing save what may be gleaned

from Aristotle himself. The conclusion of the whole matter is that Aristotle sums up and transcends them, and rendered them not worth preserving; so that the technical study of Greek literature, which is the best in Europe, in effect begins with Aristotle, the greatest of all critics, and he begins with Homer.

I must refrain from saying much more about the *Poetics*. The little treatise is packed full of germinal thoughts, like a pod full of seeds. When we look at one of the seeds, when we begin to illustrate one of the generalizations, under our very eyes it grows into a tree. A pod full of seeds looks dry. I once talked for an hour to a ladies' dramatic association about this book. Some weeks afterward one of the audience told me she had been stirred by a remark I had made concerning it. She didn't remember the title of the book. I had mentioned something as a dry book, but not a dull book — she didn't recall the author of it. Nor was that audience told that the remark was a palpable borrowing from Lord Bryce. I can only hope that members of another audience, if they have not yet examined the *Poetics*, will open the husk, and plant and water the seeds.

Here are a very few of them. A work of art

is like a living creature. Poetry is a truer image of life than is history; in poetry you see men and women acting, and you hear them speaking, as in real life, but the persons are representative men. You perceive their emotions, and can understand why they speak and act as they do. So it is in life: we make our choices, and then argue for them. That leads to further action. But in poetry the action is continuous; the trivial interruptions of history and daily life are omitted; the moving incidents are organized into one beautiful whole; this whole creature is embellished in every way. The inner soul of it is fine; and the outer appearance, the cloth of noble diction, exactly corresponds to the life-giving principle within.

We may note also the admirable sketch of grammar that is found in the *Poetics*. Here again is something that is the first of its kind, the first scientific grammar in any language, apparently an outgrowth of the study of Homer, and quite rightly inserted in a treatise on the poetic art. One of the sad things it is in the history of literature that our modern grammars are based upon the works of late-Latin grammarians, Donatus and others, and do not go back directly to the Aristotelian outline. It is

sound and simple, and naturally applicable to Greek. It could readily be applied to English. Otto Jespersen is right in thinking that some harm is done to our language when we force English, willy-nilly, into the artificial moulds and schemes of Latin grammar. How scientific Aristotle is may be seen if we compare his work with the fantastic, if suggestive, account of language in the *Cratylus* of Plato.

If it is not now clear why Aristotle is the ace in my course in translations, I can hardly hope to make it clearer. And Homer is my king. Plato is another ace or king, but not of my long suit in this particular game or course. Let us not go too far into the details of the hand. The course is a sequence of moves or plays. When it first took shape, my aim was to make it an organic whole, with a beginning, middle, and end, like a work of art as described in the *Phaedrus* of Plato. Aristotle himself may have remembered the organic comparison in that dialogue when in the *Poetics* he discussed the march of events in a drama. In a well-constructed play, he says, the incidents follow one another in an inevitable sequence. The first incident should not require anything to precede it. You must begin with something

that naturally comes first, and is intelligible at the start. But the second should arise out of the first by logical necessity; and No. 2 should give rise to No. 3 in the same inevitable way; and so on to the end, which should be a true end, completing the series, and requiring no further explanation. An absolutely inevitable sequence is a hard requirement. Not even the *Odyssey* meets so stiff a demand, and the *Iliad* certainly does not. Granted the clear-cut beginning in the word 'wrath,' it is probable rather than necessary that Achilles should sulk in his tent after his girl was stolen from him by Agamemnon. He was tempted to slay the king of men for that outrage, and very probably would have done it out of hand — only then there would have been no *Iliad*. In the other poem, the winds blow Odysseus about the Mediterranean after the fashion of winds. There is more method in the progress of the voyage than at first sight appears — Homer attends to method in the chance-wanderings of the hero. Yet Odysseus might well, without wrecking the story, have suffered one or two of his less critical misadventures in a slightly different order; for the wind bloweth where it listeth. And so, as a concession to human frailty in the poet, Aristotle

softens his demand. If the sequence of events is not absolutely inevitable, at all events let it be natural and fairly probable.

Similarly in our course of study. We begin with the *Poetics*. In reporting, the student is urged to illustrate the generalizations in it from his own fund of reading. And then it is natural, if unexpected, that he further test the principles by the Biblical story of Joseph. Certain chapters in Genesis illustrate a surprising number of the devices which Aristotle recommends to the poet, and which are used by Homer; for example, the noble nature of the hero; his boyish fault of tale-bearing, that *hamartia* which irritates his brethren, and sets in motion all that follows. There are false inferences, and true discoveries; discoveries by memory, or arising out of the very action. Now we leave the Bible. It is logical next to test the *Poetics* by Homer, from whom so many of the laws of poetry are drawn. And hence we examine the plot of the *Odyssey*, and then the nature of the hero in the *Iliad*; how he chooses or refuses to act, for he does both; how he argues and persuades, how he will not be persuaded, and how he finally is persuaded and reconciled —all in accordance with his habit of choice,

what we term character, and Aristotle terms *ethos*. The Homeric stories lead to the other Greek myths, and for college students the best survey of Greek mythology is that in the first volume of Grote's *History of Greece*. From this we go on very naturally to Greek drama. At this point, since Aristotle has much to say of tragedy, and since tragedy grew out of the cult of Dionysus, as well as from the epic myths, we read the *Bacchae* of Euripides and standard modern works on the Attic theatre like those of Flickinger and Haigh. The next steps involve the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, and the parts of the Trojan Cycle that are dramatized by his two successors in tragedy. I will not further describe the course, having long since recorded an ample outline of it in my volume, *Two Views of Education*. There any one may consult the necessary data, who is minded to give the like at some place other than Cornell. Suffice it to say that we end the work by considering the use of classical mythology, and of Aristotelian principles, in the writings of Shakespeare and Milton.

If it is permitted me to say so, the course is a healthy plant; a scion would grow in any Academic soil, and would readily adapt itself to a

new environment. In another place, it might take a somewhat different shape, for the idea seems to be alive, and capable not only of transplanting, but of transformation. With us it has borne good fruit. Since I began to give the course, I reckon that it has contributed to the essential education of 500 living young men and women. After a fashion, it has educated me, and has led to my giving other courses that are more strictly designed for teachers.

Among the fruits are the afore-mentioned Professors Drummond and Caplan, once my pupils, still my friends, and now my colleagues. We have not ceased to be fellow-learners. The perennial schoolmaster remains one of the strongest bonds in our profitable friendship. Of the work of Drummond I have already spoken. He was introduced to the ancient rhetoric while a graduate student of English, and has built his teaching of teachers upon the Platonic and Aristotelian foundation. There is no sounder basis, unless it be that which Aristotle himself points out and illuminates, a basis in the study of human nature as we find it in the life about us, and as it is revealed in the living men and women seen and set before us by the poets. Once more, then, we come face to face with

character and action in the Homeric poems. The great records of human thought, doing, suffering, emotion, are great literature. Nor is it by any mere chance that the author most frequently cited in the Aristotelian *Rhetoric* is Homer himself, the most dramatic of epic poets. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are all made up of speeches; and all these speeches clearly show the habit of choice in the speakers, how their feelings are aroused, and how they argue under stress of passion or for calculated ends. The hot Achilles, the cool Odysseus, the demagogue Thersites, the wise old Nestor, every character in either poem is a masterly creation from the point of view of rhetoric.

Many arts are described by Homer, and there may well have been a conscious art of poetry in his age. It would seem that there was a well-developed art of eloquence. If so, his examples of it alone remain, and the principles must be abstracted from them. Otherwise, the art is lost. But the loss is supplied by Aristotle, who abstracted for himself. For this and other reasons, his *Rhetoric* is the most useful practical psychology ever constructed by man. The technique he imparts rests upon two bases. If you wish to make a speech, you must know what you

are talking about, and you must understand the psychology of the man or men whom you are addressing. Once you have by labor gained a knowledge of the matter in hand, you must know what arguments will move that kind of person, and how they will move him, and what arguments you must not employ lest they stir him against you or leave him cold. Such, in brief, is the Aristotelian art of speaking; no other work either in ancient or modern times is comparable to it as a working theory whether for persuasive speech or persuasive writing. And it is this that, joined to a native gift for teaching, has made Professor Drummond so successful.

But it is not enough to study masterpieces of theory and art with the help of translations. The masterpieces of Greek theory, we may allow, do not thus lose so much of their original force as the masterpieces of poetic art. In any case, there is no reason why one should not study Homer both in translation and in the original. Thus we come to our experiment with the beginners' course in Greek at Cornell. Only it no longer is an experiment; and indeed from the outset it was bound to succeed, the way having been prepared for it by the course in translations, and by other means that need not now

be dwelt on. The facts are these. During the years when the course in translations made its way, and became better and better established, the study of Greek proper slowly but surely lost ground. Stereotyped methods, if an uncritical way of accepting the recent past may be called a method, were unfit to cope with altered conditions in the general curriculum and in American life and thought. Xenophon, supposed to be an open door to Greek, was proving almost no door at all. There are, of course, as many doors to the study of a language as there are good authors accessible in the language. Xenophon, a very interesting writer if read in long stretches, is obviously inferior to the Greek drama and epic poetry; and he seems far worse than he is, when haltingly followed at the rate of a few parasangs a day. The Greek language, then, was in a bad way with us. There were very few in the beginners' course, which was headed toward Xenophon, and there were painfully few in any other Greek courses. We tried entering the language by the door of Plato. That has much to recommend it but the test of experience. Not many students came in. The beginners' course was scheduled five times a week at 8 a.m. At this juncture, with the help of Providence,

and by taking advantage of human motives — a trick that can be learned from Aristotle — some of us who were interested in Greek as a vital thing managed to get a new sort of course for beginners fairly advertised. We broke with the recent past, and went back to older ways. When Petrarch agonized to learn Greek, it was because he wished to read Homer. We went back, then, to the ways of the Revival of Learning. The class could meet at a reasonable hour, and was not to meet too many times a week. And the work was designed to introduce the learner at the earliest possible moment to the *Iliad*. To the astonishment of some beholders, but not of all, 104 students registered for the course. Only an accident kept the registration from being larger. The department of Greek in its announcement used the inveterate words 'eight o'clock,' adding, however, some words from an alien source to the effect that there might be another section, if necessary, at some other hour. There had to be four sections; and, in order to teach them, Professor Caplan had to be coaxed from beneath the wing of Professor Drummond, and had to give up his work in rhetoric, at least for a time. Ever since, he has carried the larger part of teaching one hundred beginners a year

in Homeric Greek, about fifty new ones each term. The text-book chosen was that of Pharr, a laudable book as a pioneer effort, yet not quite an ideal instrument for our purpose. My chief objection to it is that it is based upon the *Iliad*. Like Petrarch, I should prefer the *Odyssey*.

Petrarch, they say, had a poor teacher. Even an indifferent one could hardly kill Homer for lively American boys and girls of good intelligence. At Cornell we were fortunate in having at hand Dr. Caplan, who was trained for the doctorate by the late Charles E. Bennett, and thus had a mastery of classical technique. He was also trained in the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle in the department of Professor Drummond. It is now [2] three years since he took his first sections of Homeric Greek. What of the results? He has just had a class of twenty reading Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* in the original tongue. Can that class be duplicated in America? It was not too many years ago since he read the play in the English of Jebb for a course in translations; and he is good enough to think I helped him a little toward becoming a thorough student of the *Poetics* of Aristotle, the perennial schoolmaster, who begins with Homer. If Dr. Caplan owes

2 'Now' meant April, 1927.

anything to the course in translations, let us recall that the beginning of that course goes back to a long time before my father's son was born, and to a farm in southern Ohio where a lonely youth read 3000 pages of Greek without the stimulus or aid of a teacher.

The idea of the course goes back yet farther. The application of Aristotelian principles to the study of Greek masterpieces was carried on with great vigor in the Italian Renaissance. Within a few years after the first edition of the *Poetics* was issued by the Aldine press, in 1508, the Academies in various Italian towns began to compare the doctrines of Aristotle with surviving examples of the ancient drama. The intellectual life of those Academies was remarkable. Yet it is to be feared that the literary groups in question too often drew Senecan tragedies into comparison with Sophocles without a clear enough distinction between the values of Greek and Roman drama. And they made other mistakes. They used an inferior text of the *Poetics*, and this they misinterpreted in various ways. Worst of all, they eventually foisted upon Aristotle doctrines which he never held; so that even to-day people talk of the Aristotelian 'rules,' and the so-called dramatic unities of time and

place, for which the *Poetics* offers no real warrant. I know not how these queer things have lived on into our time. Nor does any one know for certain how and where they came into existence. This we know: only the principle of unity of action, the unity of the living organism, is enjoined upon the dramatist by Aristotle. The so-called unities of time and place first emerge in the record, in the Italian commentaries, during the earlier half of the sixteenth century. From Italy they passed to France, and from France and Italy to the rest of Europe. They have been officially slain by modern scholarship — and still they live on in the minds of Freshmen. It must be that they live on in the secondary schools, and that the teachers there talk of the Aristotelian unities and rules. There are, in fact, almost no rules in the *Poetics*; rules always have exceptions; the exceptions prove them to be rules. The *Poetics* is a body of principles, attained to by induction. Now principles do not have exceptions. It was a mistake of the Renaissance to see in Aristotle a promulgator of literary rules.

The mistakes of the commentators, and of the dramatists, French and other, who attempted to practise those mistakes, have led some modern

scholars to think that the study of the *Poetics* was not good for the literature of modern Europe. The inference is wrong, and we can safely deny it. We, too, make mistakes in our interpretation of the ancient classics, as the Italians made theirs. Every age can learn from the mistakes of its predecessors. In this way we have come, I believe, to a satisfactory understanding of the *Poetics*. We understand it better than the earlier Italians did. But we must not bear down too heavily in our censure of Renaissance scholarship. In the main it was sound, and the whole fabric of modern learning rests upon it. With respect to Aristotle, the Italians were right far more often than they were wrong. Their use of the work in studying epic poetry and the drama has helped to give form to every modern vernacular literature. The literature of the Middle Ages too often was formless and without measure. Most of the mediaeval writers simply did not grasp the meaning of form, living form, as Aristotle conceives it; Dante, one of the exceptions, certainly studied the *Rhetoric* in Latin, and could have known the *Poetics* also in a Latin translation. The Renaissance learned far more about the meaning of form from Aristotle than was or

could be learned from the critical treatises that descended from Rome. Even the mistakes of the commentators could work to the advantage of poetical genius. The *Tempest* of Shakespeare and Milton's *Samson Agonistes* observe the rules of time and place as well as the deeper principle of unity of action. We never heard that they were the worse for it. Were they not the better? From the fifteenth century down, the *Poetics* has exerted a salutary influence upon epic poetry, the drama, and, among other types, the novel. The last news I heard before leaving Ithaca with this paper came from a student, not hitherto mentioned, who to her joy discovered and amply proved, what she and I had only surmised, that George Eliot systematically studied the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and not merely the *Rhetoric*, and that the novel *Romola* is definitely and consciously based upon Aristotelian principles of narrative art.

PLATONIC STRIFE

'WHOSOEVER shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' So runs the familiar maxim as recorded by Matthew. Neither jowl has priority in Luke: 'Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other.' This counsel of active non-resistance is easy to read on the surface, but is generally thought over-hard to follow. And hence it has been variously interpreted by those who aim to go beneath the surface. One does not go very deep, however, who thinks that turning the other cheek is a symptom of weakness. As a deliberate act, it clearly is a sign of power; first, power over oneself, the power of the spirit over the functions of the body, complete self-control; secondly, and clearly enough in the end, power over one's opponent. Even in boxing, it is said, the ability to take blow after blow with slight turnings of the head, and without loss of self-control, is the secret of final victory in the ring. That kind of strife, however, is not distinctly Platonic, broad-shouldered gymnast though Plato is said

to have been in his youth. A more Platonic interpretation of the sentences in Matthew and Luke is this. They have been explained with reference to the Oriental custom of squatting face to face with a man when you and he in a leisure hour decide to thresh out philosophic truth. Two friendly disputants are company enough; but there may be more. So Job sat with his friends, and, after a week of silence, began to argue about justice in the relations between God and man, until God himself intervened with the argument that justice is eternal wisdom, power, and beauty. Thus, too, or almost thus, sat Mark Hopkins and Garfield, or thus they are reputed to have sat, at the ends of a log — not quite *tête à tête*, for the manners of New England sometimes are more distant than those of a warmer East at Jerusalem or Athens; in fact, they sat and disputed on a bench. And that sufficed for a University 'plant,' so long as the great teacher and his pupil were friends. Thus again, at mid-day, sat Socrates and young Phaedrus, on a shady bank of the Ilissus, dabbling their feet in the stream, arguing about philosophy, which is the love of wisdom, and about love in general, or the art of persuading men to love wisdom, which is virtue,

which is the study of all good — and that means beauty. I have taken divers examples of what the poet Blake calls 'mental fight'; it is the active phase of the life of contemplation. In such a bout, it occasionally becomes clear that your opponent, whom you took to be your friend, is not yet a lover of wisdom. If, then, your seated opponent finds that he is losing, descends to baser and baser means of persuasion, reaches the point of saying *Tu quoque,* and finally offers to slap you, let him slap. Then offer him the other cheek — and the victory is yours.

'Not one breed of Strife is there on earth,' declares Hesiod, 'but twain. One shall a man praise when he beholdeth her, but the other is a thing of reproach, and diverse altogether are their souls. The one increaseth evil war and contention, for frowardness. No man loveth her. . . . But the other is the elder child of black Night, and her the Son of Kronos . . . made mightier far. She stirreth even the helpless to labor. . . . Good is this Strife for men.'

The author of *Works and Days* here alludes to the stimulus of healthy competition between potter and potter, lumberjack and lumberjack, even beggar and beggar, but also between minstrel and minstrel. It was too early to talk of

the good that arose from the great dramatic contests at Athens, where Sophocles vied with Aeschylus, and each learned lessons in art from the other, and where comic Aristophanes learned much for his kind of debate, or *agon*, from all three of the great tragic poets before him. But we may let honest Hesiod, with his notion of an elder and nobler Strife, and his gleams of light playing over a workaday, contentious world, help us on to our subject of the Platonic battle of love. When we come to the Greek Dialogue, we are not far from St. Paul, who fought the good fight, buffeted his *own* body, and kept it under, yet averred: 'So fight I, not as one that beateth the air.' He wrestled 'not against flesh and blood, but . . . against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realm.' So, in the heavenly realm as it was known to the Greeks, wrestled the mature Plato of the broad forehead; no longer a gymnast in the ordinary sense, but, under the training of Socrates, an athlete of the spirit. While he is a pagan, and we must not forget it, he nevertheless more nearly approaches the Biblical concept of a spiritual warrior than does any one else in Greek antiquity unless it be the Socrates of Plato's own imaginary conversations, the Dialogues. Plato has been called

the Greek Moses; let us rather name him the Greek Paul. Along with a significant difference, what correspondences there are between his praises of love and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians!

As supposedly deriving from the Dialogues, surely no other concept is so familiar as the one we term 'Platonic love.' And surely no concept drawn from any book has been more oddly distorted from its original sense. In reality, Platonic love has little to do with the love between man and woman. Platonic love, so far as it is not divine but human, is the love between Achilles and Patroclos, between Orestes and Pylades, between Horatio and Hamlet. It is like the relation between David and Jonathan, or that between the beloved disciple and Christ. It is in general the love between an older and a younger man, and so doubtless existed between Socrates and Plato, who has represented or noticed it over and over in the Dialogues. It is discussed, of course, in the *Symposium,* which is an amiable fight about the nature of love; and as the relation between teacher and pupil, Socrates and Phaedrus, it is the mainspring of the action in the dialogue bearing the latter's name. A failure to grasp the nature of this re-

lation may lead to grave misunderstanding of a work of art like the *Phaedrus*.

And misunderstandings of the true Platonic love have had strange results. On the one hand, in recent times there has been undue emphasis upon the unseemly relations between man and man which certainly were not unknown in the time of Plato, and which he combated, wrestling against the forces of evil in the realm of ideal friendship. Meanwhile his charm and skill in the treatment of a delicate topic, and his tremendous literary influence, have helped to blind even well-read scholars to the existence of romantic love between man and woman in classic Greece. That the romantic love of the sexes existed in Greece, as it always has existed everywhere, common sense and the simplest knowledge of human nature would immediately suggest, even if we had no direct proof of it. The very reticence of Greek good manners with respect to private life, and especially to woman, is evidence. But the anger of Achilles at the loss of Briseis, and her grief at being parted from him, are evidence, and so is the compelling desire of Odysseus for his home and his Penelope; the action of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* springs out of romantic love. Then there is the

love of Antigone and Haemon, not in itself a tragic motive, but tragic in its outcome for the play of Sophocles. Again, but now as the kernel of the action, we have the tragic results of guilty love in the story of Agamemnon and Cassandra, Clytemnestra and Aegisthus. And what of Alcestis, who died in place of her husband? Even the comic distortion in the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes points to the existence in Greek life of an ideal relation between the sexes. Accordingly, there is ample evidence that the Platonic idealization of a love of man for man, surpassing the love of man for woman, did not exclusively hold for all the Athenians of the day. In the *Symposium* of Xenophon there is introduced an engaging tableau of the love-play between a youth and a maiden; in a rapid survey of the Socratic conversations this charming incident may be forgotten. If we forget it, our general impression from the writings of Plato may be so far untrue to Athenian life.

On the other hand, Platonic love has now come to mean something very different from the love of David for Jonathan, or that between Socrates and Phaedrus. Christianity and the Middle Ages have modified every element of our heritage from the ancients, and, with the rest, Platonic

love has been transformed and humanized. Perhaps in the main through the Troubadours and Dante, it now means an ideal, stainless friendship between a man and a woman who are not united in the flesh. Minstrel vies with minstrel in exalting the new romantic love. Minstrel Dante vies with the rest, and overcomes them.

But what has Platonic love to do with our subject of Platonic strife? The answer is found in the Socratic or Platonic notion that opposites require each other, and that, of two opposite things or terms, each grows out of the other. Thus without ignorance there could be no passing into knowledge; knowledge grows out of ignorance. All the wisdom of Socrates proceeds from the admission that he really knows nothing. Thus life grows out of death, and beauty out of ugliness, when flowers spring up from the decaying but fertile corpse. Thus hate, alas! may spring from love — for not one breed of Love is there on earth, but twain; and, on the other hand, to our joy, the better love may proceed from the better Muse of strife.

That the love of wisdom, real power, true goodness, and ideal beauty are the right offspring of mental strife may be discovered by any one who will gird up his loins and wrestle

with the Dialogues of Plato. When Jacob had wrestled all night long with the angel, he received a blessing.

The nature and the use of the Platonic dialogue are but little known in this country, talkative folk though our American democracy be. Indeed, as a literary type, the dialogue never has flourished in any other language as it did in Greek. The epic poetry of Greece has had its rivals in the works of Virgil, Dante, and Milton. The great age of Greek drama has its modern counterparts in the age of Elizabeth and at the Court of Louis XIV. There have been pastoral poets since Theocritus, and writers of character-sketches since Theophrastus; historians since Herodotus and Thucydides, and potent orators since Demosthenes like Burke. But there has not been a second Plato. Even when the Greek dialogue has been successfully imitated, the type has rather been that of Lucian, and thence we perceive an issue of Imaginary Conversations and Dialogues of the Dead like those of Fénelon and Landor, running down, and running to seed in the debased humanity of Spoon River. Fortunately, we still have Plato; and in a good translation, such as Jowett's, one does not lose the method of the dialogue, that drama of the

school, and its utility in the college is virtually unimpaired. Further, if we popularize the translation, we may hasten the time when Plato shall again be freely read in Greek. Under the head of Platonic Strife, therefore, I propose to speak about the nature of the philosophic dialogue, and about the great utility of dialogue as a means of education; and I shall illustrate these two points mainly from the *Phaedrus*.

A striking trait of Greek, and, above all, of Athenian, literature is its colloquial method. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which Athens knew by heart, are almost wholly made up of dialogue. The author, as a good artist should, keeps in the background; he lets his persons speak for themselves and to each other. Tragedy and comedy, we need not say, are in dialogue throughout. And so were the farcical mimes. Even set orations are full of spirited question and answer; while a historical work like the book of Herodotus is surprisingly given to a colloquial procedure. All this would be very natural in a city of moderate size like Athens, where the citizens could daily meet and talk without restraint. How different were the conditions at Rome! Latin eloquence has a less intimate ring. Under the Empire, dialogue gives place to the continu-

ous essay, and communication is effected at a distance by letter. It is not accidental that the New Testament largely consists of epistles. But even in the days of Paul the garrulous Athenians 'found time for nothing else but either to tell or to hear the last new thing.' In the age of Socrates it had been much the same: 'For many reasons . . . we ought always to talk, and not to sleep, at mid-day.' 'Let us talk,' replied Phaedrus. The level of conversation was high.

Yet the Platonic dialogue imitates the tone of daily speech. It grows out of natural conditions, and is the truest artistic mirror of Athenian life. Behind and around it, too, lie tragedy, comedy, and the realistic mime. But it is less remote from current thought than is high tragedy; and it is no child of the mud like the mime. The dialogue is, in fact, the next great literary type struck out by the Hellenic spirit after Aristophanic comedy, with which it overlaps in time. Its close relation to imaginative comedy may be inferred from the speech of Aristophanes in the Platonic *Symposium,* and from the comic *agon* or debate — for example, the mental fight between Reason and Unreason in the *Clouds.* There are many minor bonds

between the dialogue and comedy. In the *Phaedrus,* the comparison of the rational soul and its higher and lower impulses to a charioteer with two horses, a good and a bad, employs a partly comic image.

The dialogue, however, is more tightly knit than is comedy; and its medium of everyday speech may be deceptive. If serious ideas underlie the fun of Aristophanes, the serious ideas of Plato are less distorted; his wit-combats are less sportive in effect. The Platonic dialogue, then, is a mental fight. As related to poetry, it is dramatic, but is not drama. It lies, according to Aristotle, in the middle ground between poetry and prose. It may have dry patches of hard argument, or, again, rather tedious stretches of quibbling. At its greatest heights, as in the Myth of the Soul in the *Phaedrus,* it soars far above the level of all but the noblest verse. Through its elastic medium, it is freer than free verse, that alleged discovery of our time; and, doubtless because the dialogue does not pretend to be verse at all, it can attain to the greatest beauty and majesty of rhythm. It is free from the triviality of subject-matter that has characterized most so-called free verse.

If there is freedom in the means of expres-

sion, there is also freedom in the action of the dialogue, in the sense at least that each piece is an independent work of art, unconstrained by what is said in any other dialogue. The form of one is not governed by the form of another, though they all must obey the laws of the type. The type itself was perfected, not invented, by Plato. Before his Socratic conversations there were those of Alexamenos, as there had been comedies representing Socrates by poets other than Aristophanes. The comic drama no doubt gave an impulse to Alexamenos; I have already suggested that the dialogue partly arose out of the Old Comedy, while Aristotle puts it in a class with the popular farcical mime. In a particular dialogue, therefore, we must not look for historical truth. The persons do and say what the idea of that unified conversation requires. The truth of that dialogue is universal rather than historical. How free Plato might be in his devising we may gather from the method of Thucydides, who is a historian, as Plato was not, yet does not scruple to invent suitable speeches for his persons; the Funeral Oration which he puts into the mouth of Pericles is an example. How much less constrained by historical truth must Plato have

been in devising utterances for any character, Socrates included, in his dramatic dialogue.

The dialogue, we have said, is dramatic, not drama. Drama — a tragedy like *Hamlet* — presents a physical as well as a mental contest. At the end of *Hamlet,* the stage is littered with the slain. But the dialogue is essentially a mental fight about ideas, and, as such, is concerned with general terms. What is truth, or wisdom, or justice? The *Republic* hammers out the idea of justice until we know what the term means. And so with the other Platonic Dialogues. In each and all we see a very important stage of the process whereby the Greeks have taught the world the use of general terms with precise meanings. From Plato and the Academy, the process was carried on by Aristotle, who has indeed virtually furnished modern times with their philosophical and scientific terminology. The Greek terms, discussed from every side by Plato, and then refined by Aristotle and his school, were translated into Latin by Cicero and others; and the mediaeval Schoolmen rendered the Latin terms yet more precise before giving them to the modern vernacular tongues. If a man's wit 'be not apt to distinguish or find differences,' says Bacon, 'let him

study the Schoolmen.' So whatever precision we find surviving in Mencken's American Language goes back to the Platonic wrestlings with genus and species. 'I dearly love these processes of division and generalization,' said Socrates to Phaedrus; 'they help me to speak and to think.'

However articulate the parts, we assume each dialogue to be a unified whole. Sometimes a single pattern clearly dominates the entire movement or struggle of thought. Sometimes the unity is found in a nexus of ideas that nevertheless are joined in a single pattern. Sometimes this knot is made of mutually convertible ideas, sometimes of a main idea and its subordinate notions. But the succession of thoughts, when we dive beneath the appearance of casual talk, is found to be either inevitable or at least very natural and probable. The order is not left to chance. The successive speeches grow out of the nature of the disputants, and follow one another in an artistic progression. We may begin with an untruth, or a half-truth, and, advancing from the lower to the higher approximations to reality, go on as far as reason alone will bear us. When reason can bring us no further, the imagination is called into play. We have

reached the myth, an integral part of the typical dialogue. Here the poetical faculty completes the work of reason, not by deserting reason, but by transcending it, following upward the line which the dialogue thus far has taken. The whole has a beginning, middle, and end, all linked together like the parts of a living organism.

Such is the *Phaedrus*, in which, so far as we know, the truth was first expressed that a work of art is 'a living creature, having a body of its own, and a head and feet; there should be a middle, beginning, and end, adapted to one another and to the whole.' It would be strange if the *Phaedrus* itself were to violate the principle. And yet Jowett thinks that its unity is not very strict. He suggests, for example, that the discussion of love and rhetoric is a fight about separate terms or topics. On the contrary, it can be shown that every part of the dialogue is strictly related to a formulating sentence near the middle, which sentence is: 'Rhetoric is the art of enchanting the soul.' The dialogue is not only beautiful, as Jowett more dimly perceives; it is perfect, and one.

We cannot here enter into a long argument for the unity of the *Phaedrus*. I can but briefly

indicate a few of the salient points in such an argument.

The dialogue, as we have said, is a strife; and rhetoric, which is an art, is a strife; and love grows out of strife. If rhetoric is the art of enchanting the soul, love is an enchantment of the soul. In the dialogue, as in life, which is a battle, rhetoric is to love as the means is to the end. Again, love is the chief motion — or, as we now say, emotion — of the soul. And hence Socrates in the Myth of the Soul shows what the nature of the human spirit is; how it is compounded of reason and love; how love is of two sorts, like a tractable horse and an unruly horse; what the natural motion or emotion of the bad horse is; and what the upward motion of the charioteer reason is when the bad horse is broken. The upward motion of the soul is true love, which is attained only when the battle with the wicked steed is won. Yet again, as right love is the proper motion of the soul, so rightly-governed speech is the chief means of persuasion to love. And what is the true object of love? Obviously, that vision of wisdom and truth which we call beauty. True love is the love of true beauty, and true rhetoric the means of persuasion to that love. Nor is love of the beauti-

ful a seizure of beauty, to ravish it. When the wings of the soul have grown, and the charioteer rises to the contemplation of beauty, he does not seize, but is seized. He contemplates eternal beauty until it transforms him into its own image. Finally, love and study are one; for what is contemplation but study? And in general, I need hardly say, learning, though a kind of strife, is not a form of violence. There was a period, it is true, when the kingdom of God suffered violence, and the violent took it by force; but now the striving of the student upward, though swift, is equable, as he chants: 524 'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.' Such, as it seems to me, is the nexus of ideas that gives unity to the *Phaedrus*. There are varied colors in the harmonious pattern, but the fabric is one.

To most of us the nature of this dialogue would be clear, if from the outset we perceived the relation between Socrates the teacher and his young friend. Phaedrus comes on the stage as a lover of Lysias, or, what is all one, of the speech of Lysias, which he has, in writing, on his person. He likes the ostensible wisdom of the speech, both content and expression. It is a rhetorical exercise in praise of the non-lover, to whom, according to the paradox of Lysias,

favors should rather be granted than to the one who loves you. This glittering fraud has captivated Phaedrus, but not for long. Socrates goes in to win the youth away from Lysias and sophistry through wisdom and true rhetoric. There, in a nutshell, is the action of the dialogue. He persuades Phaedrus to love truth and beauty, and then shows him what the right means of persuasion are if one would disseminate the love of wisdom and beauty among men. He teaches the young man what favors to bestow, and how to bestow them, upon his kind. The persuasion is both personal and impersonal. By art the youth is drawn to Socrates, and by art he is drawn beyond this personal love to see for himself the universal beauty which inspires it. We rise above the study of individual truth and beauty to a contemplation of wisdom and loveliness eternal.

It is not by chance that all three of the set speeches in this dialogue on rhetoric are on the subject of love. We might just as well say that all three speeches in this dialogue on love are examples of rhetoric. How else could the two ideas of means and end be more effectively unified? First comes the recitation of Lysias' speech on the non-lover, a speech presumably

devised by Plato, who could, when he chose, outdo the whole paradoxical school of Greece or present-day England at their own craft, he being the master of it, and they the slaves. Then comes the more orderly and persuasive impromptu of Socrates on the same paradox, all cunningly elaborated, of course, by Plato; and then his Socratic recantation on true love as the right upward motion of the soul toward God, who bestows the favor of rational madness upon whom he will. It is a sublime, if partly comic, climax of ethereal beauty. However allied to comedy, as a dialogue on love, the perennial subject of comedy, should be, the myth is full of grandeur. It helps us to see why Dante's poem, striving ever upward, is called both a Commedia, and 'Divine.'

The three speeches on the art of love are followed by a discussion of the art of rhetoric — that is, the art of persuading to love. In other words, the examples come first, a bad, then a better, then the best, containing the myth, and then the analysis of the principles upon which the speeches are constructed, and finally a universal theory of persuasion. This last includes an argument on the superiority of the spoken over the written word in love or in strife. 'I

mean,' says Socrates, 'an intelligent word graven in the soul of the learner, which can defend itself, and knows when to speak and when to be silent.' In effect, this is an argument for the method of the dialogue itself. The dialogue does not give one unvarying answer. The speakers approach the truth from different sides, not seldom from the position of ignorance or fallacy. Thus, truth, which is a whole, is gradually built up; we see it taking shape as an organism, alive and glowing. But almost never is the ultimate truth revealed by simply rational means. Universal values rather appear in the poetic myth, which is the heart of the dialogue. And it is this transcendental myth, completing the labor of reason, which gives a poetic character to the entire discussion. At the end, Phaedrus goes home, no more in love with Lysias and paradox, but in love with Socrates, who has persuaded him to love philosophy, and in love with that wisdom which Socrates, as far as a man may, embodies. Now Socrates loved Phaedrus all along, having seen that the beautiful youth could be persuaded to love beautiful wisdom, which love is philosophy. And thus the strife between teacher and pupil is resolved — into friendship.

In what remains I must apply the lesson of

mental fight to the business of the school and the process of learning. Without love there is no successful learning, and without persuasion, whether uttered or silent, there is no successful direction of study. Nor can study go on without strife, strife of the pupil with his subject, mental fighting between teacher and pupil over the subject. Not to speak in enigmas, I say there is in our teaching far too little use made of the method which can be acquired from Plato. I mean the method of discussion between class and teacher, and between pupil and pupil, of the subject upon which they are engaged. In the university, in college, even in the school, there is far too much lecturing to the classes. I will not dilate upon that; every one knows it. Lecturing is no costly mental fight; it is cheap and easy. Though it usually takes too much out of the teacher, nevertheless, even for him, constant harangue follows the line of least resistance. There can be no objection, naturally, to an occasional lecture. The objection lies against the abuse of a system, the prevailing American abuse of it as a means of imparting facts, the great futility of it as a habitual means of imparting wisdom. Wisdom is not thus imparted; in the strife of minds, or of the mind with it-

self, it grows up like a mustard-seed, from within.

Not, on the other hand, that there is no discussion in our classes, if, as seldom happens, they are sufficiently small. But even when it occurs, it is not orderly enough. A study of the Platonic method should go far toward removing this disorder. Let us therefore recommend the study of Plato to every schoolmaster and -mistress. Yet, in reading Plato, we must get behind the outward effect of the dialogue, as a finished work of art, in order to reach the hidden springs of its action. Plato himself, as he tells us in his seventh Epistle, never divulged his own philosophy in a book. And he almost never appears as a person in his Dialogues. It would seem that these works, while satisfying his dramatic instinct — the earlier ones certainly do this — allowed him to hold up all sorts of ideas where he and his readers could obtain a good look at them. Looking at an idea does not commit you to it. The method also saved him from forcing any notion upon any reader.

But the real Plato was a mathematician as well as a literary artist; and he pursued many specific branches of learning which have not left obvious marks upon the Dialogues. In the

last few years we have begun to see that he and his fellows in the Academy were intense students of subjects which formerly the Greeks were not supposed to have cultivated methodically until the time of Aristotle. He prescribed courses of study according to the needs of the individual student. Beyond that, we have small direct knowledge of Plato's methods as a teacher; but we can imagine that, in the bouts between his pupils, the master directed the discussion, as he silently does in the Dialogues, and that he took a less obvious part in the argument than he makes Socrates take in the *Phaedrus*. Further, we may assume that the pupils were prepared for the fight, by their own independent study of the subject, before they came to class. Doubtless the works they studied were in general better objects, whether of art or nature, than the paradoxical speech of Lysias which Phaedrus knows by heart at the beginning of his dialogue. So, then, we teachers must advise our young friends, pupils, and lovers, to fight in private with solid reading before they come to fight it out in class with us. Tell them to read Plato both for subject-matter and for the acquisition of skill in dialectic.

But more important than the march of dis-

cussion in any hour is the march of events in any course from day to day and week to week. Every course of study should have a beginning, middle, and end, adapted to one another and to the whole. This march of incidents in the course, like the march of events in a drama, or the march of ideas in a Platonic dialogue, only comprehensive knowledge and a perspective born of long meditation can supply. It is a work of the imagination, and, as such, can be helped by wrestling with Plato. It cannot be supplied by the pupil. In a particular hour the keen-witted student now and then may give a fruitful turn to that one discussion; for there is a principle we have not hitherto mentioned, though it is noted by the Platonic Socrates. And this principle is that we must follow the argument whither the argument leads. Nor can you always tell how a given fight will turn out; the teacher may lose a skirmish, even a battle. But he must win the war, and hence he must know how to lay a campaign.

This general march of events in the course towards a victorious end is not easily plotted. But, as I have said, the flagging imagination of the teacher-general can be stimulated by the model of a poetic dialogue like the *Phaedrus*.

Nay, the thought therein contained, that a persuasive course is like a living organism, will itself help; for the organic comparison, though almost a truism to Plato and Aristotle, is no truism to the framers of modern school-curricula. Most helpful is it to rise, as on wings, with the dialogue to its own imaginative acme in the myth; on that high level, under the spell of Plato's soaring imagination, we share in his ordered enthusiasm, and our thoughts take on a living sequence that we do not enjoy in our usual humdrum hours. There is a wisdom, as Bacon says, that is not won by our ordinary special studies, and that should govern them; it lies outside them, and above them. No secular writer will give us more of that wisdom than will Plato.

But in order to illustrate this point, let us turn from the loving strife of the *Phaedrus* to that of the *Symposium*; for there, too, we find the love that creates fair thoughts out of the battle of wits. I ask pardon for a long quotation from the most notable utterance in any Platonic dialogue. And, tolerably long though it be, I have two small matters to dwell on before we unfold the memorable speech of Diotima on Love.

One is this: for the word 'love' in the passage, let us substitute the word 'study.' The *Symposium*, too, is a drama of the school, where love is zeal. And, secondly, when the schoolmistress Diotima tells Socrates that the beginner must love or study one fair form before going on to the next, we are to understand that she is recommending constancy, and are to bear in mind that knowing some one thing well is the first condition of a successful life. Loving one fair form until you really know it may remind us of Agassiz, who sometimes made his student observe a clam or a dog-shark for a week or ten days before letting the budding specialist go on to compare the fair form with the next example of the same group.

At the end of the first day, Agassiz listened attentively to Scudder's rehearsal of the structure of parts, the names of which were still unknown to Scudder: 'The fringed gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished,' says Scudder, Agassiz 'waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment,' said:

'You have not looked very carefully; why,'

he continued more earnestly, 'you have n't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!' — 'and he left me to my misery.' Next day, Scudder diffidently asked: 'Do you perhaps mean that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?' Agassiz's thoroughly pleased 'Of course! Of course!' repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. 'After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically . . . upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.' '"Oh, look at your fish," he said, . . . and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.'

That was Agassiz's way of inducing the beginner to love one fair form. 'The fourth day,' says Scudder, 'a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me.'

But let us attend to Diotima in the *Sympo-*

sium. She has just spoken of studying or loving Homer, and goes on:

These are the lesser mysteries of love, into which even you, Socrates, may enter; to the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit, they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my best to inform you, and do you follow if you can. He who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only — out of that he should create fair thoughts. And soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then, if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this, he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms. In the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honorable than the beauty of the outward form. So that, if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle. And after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not, like a servant, in love with the beauty of one youth or

man or institution, himself a slave, mean and narrow-minded, but, drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. . . . He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love [study], and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes to the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty (and this, Socrates, is the final cause of all our former toil and strife) — a nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; secondly, not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any other being, as, for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place; but beauty absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who from these ascending under the influence of true love, begins to perceive that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going, or being led by another, to the things of love is to begin from the beauties of earth, and mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty, using these things as steps only, and from one going on to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until

from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is.

Such is the struggle upwards, and then the lofty flight, of Dante in the *Commedia*; and such the struggle to which Blake would summon us in the lines:

> I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land.

What he has in mind when he says 'we,' Blake makes clear in another place: 'A Poet, a Painter, a Musician, an Architect; the man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian.'

EVERYMAN'S PICTURE-GALLERY

THEY who know about photography, and about the human eye, make me wish I were a modern Plato, able to write a new Myth of the Cave. The cave should be the human head, Everyman's dark and hollow dome or *camera obscura,* lighted, if at all, only by Everyman's curtained eye. The Sun outside throws pictures of men and trees, birds and beasts, and images of itself and the Moon, through the crystal of Everyman's eye upon his retina; only there, on the retina, the pictures are upside-down. Everyman's retina is a screen or curtain; so that behind his lens or window, and behind this curtain, there is a dark criss-cross passage leading into his *camera obscura,* and through this passage the pictures go by telegraphy to the dark concave. There Everyman's pictures somehow arrive right-side-up. And there in the dark Everyman can both keep his pictures or images intact, and also add, subtract, multiply, and divide and recombine them endlessly. Everyman sits in the middle of his cave on the *sella*

or saddle of the sphenoid bone; sits all day, and at night, too, working his motion-picture machine, or letting it work automatically for him. The saddle on the dais bears a resemblance also to the bridge of a ship, where the captain stays; one psychologist used to imagine Everyman pacing back and forth on the *sella*; so there is standing-room by Everyman. Everyman does not talk freely about all that goes on in his *camera obscura,* all that lies in the back of his head. There may be queer pictures of uncanny reptiles swimming on his horizon, not to mention, as he does not, some of the pictures he habitually dials for. Moreover, for him some habitual pictures are always on the wall. If you and I could dig through the back of his head, and stand beside him on the *sella,* and have one good look at his picture-gallery, we should know what manner of anthropoid our fellow is, whether vertebrate beast or vertebrate man. By a universal law, he is like what he likes; by gazing at his likes he becomes them; and by the pictures he paints ye shall know him. Everyman, they say, and it is just as true of Everywoman, is always glorifying something with real or imaginary pigments, and enjoying the results. The Pharisee glorifies himself

by praying on the street-corner, or very loud in church, and enjoys the mental picture as he acts and paints it. Narcissus at one time, the mother of mankind at another, glorified and enjoyed themselves with their lovely young complexions mirrored in the pool. The Indian and the 'flapper' glorify themselves and enjoy it with the help of their war-paint; have you ever seen an Indian thus enjoy himself in a public corridor? The ancient Picts, the *Picti* or painted ones, stained themselves blue with woad; and the belles of Senegambia glorify and enjoy themselves with the aid of hippopotamus-grease and lampblack. In my own dark den at this moment there is a clear image of four corners where two thoroughfares cross: on the first corner stands a Pharisee, on the second an Indian, on the third a daughter of Eve who is nearly a Bachelor of Arts, on the fourth a Senegambian belle; the camera has caught them all glorifying and enjoying in their several ways at once.

The whole duty of Everyman, however, is to glorify something and to enjoy something other than himself. So let us say, to begin with, that the first part of this whole duty of man is to get clear, exact, distinct pictures of the

things outside him. A good dog holds his point. 'I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject,' said Wordsworth. So the first rule for Everyman is, 'Observe.' See precisely what are you looking at, so as not to confuse it with anything else. When you start to look at the moon, or Wordsworth's, or Coleridge's, or Spenser's moon, or the moon of Lorenzo and Jessica, hold your point. Otherwise your cavern will have no treasures stored up for future use. You never will master anything, nor glorify anything, unless you begin by seeing what you look at, persistently observing it long after Tom Everyman, and his brothers Dick and Harry, have turned away yawning. The ability to distinguish between true and false images is based upon the habit of exact observation.

Our subject is the imagination, a very large subject, and hence we must narrow it down. It might be a vague subject, so I propose to treat it in relation to Plato and the English Bible. Further, in the hope of being useful, I propose to end with some remarks about the training and use of the imagination in scholarship.

We may assume that there is such a thing as the imagination — that the word corresponds to

a reality. The assumption is founded in the experience of the human race, and I believe is in harmony with what some psychologists call *Gestalt*-psychology. *Gestalt* means a form or pattern; so Plato likens the *Gestalt* or form of the human soul to a charioteer, reason, with a bad horse and a good horse for the chief emotions; the soul itself is a rhythmical image or form. Now Latin *forma* is simply a translation for Greek *idea*, which ultimately means nothing more nor less than a visual image or pattern. The etymology may not gratify all current psychologists; but if the experience of the race goes counter to a few of them, still we had best hold on to our birthright of good usage in diction for a generation or two. The psychologist himself at his peril gives up his belief in soul and imagination, for by emptying such words of reality he renders the best part of literature, of human experience, unintelligible to himself; and, further, he cannot communicate with us if he does not use words according to their root-meanings as shown in the dictionary. He cannot tell us anything if he does not use our language.

By imagination, then, I mean simply the image-making faculty, the power by which we

see a good shepherd by a quiet stream, with his sheep, or leading one sheep through an overcast valley, and I mean the power by which we call up an image like that — as we have just done. We need not altogether separate memory from imagination; it is well-nigh impossible to separate them. But you may divide imagination into good and bad, or better and worse, and also into distinct imagination, the kind which proceeds from the habit of sharp, clear, distinct observation, and blurred imagination, which proceeds from the opposite habit. The difference between good and bad imagination will become plain, I hope, when we take up certain passages in the Authorized Version of the Bible. We have, then, to consider the use and the abuse of the imagination; my remarks partly grow out of Biblical references to arts for which the Hebrews had no generic name, but which the Greeks knew as 'imitative' arts; references to the image-making faculty in man; and, in particular, references to the words 'imagination' and 'imagine' in the Authorized Version. No apology seems needed for a discussion of these words as a matter of interest to students of history and literature. And could there be any literary study more important than a study of

imagination in the Bible? However, it is my aim here to throw out suggestions rather than to be exhaustive. Any one who wishes a thorough history of the words 'fancy' and 'imagination,' and of related terms both ancient and modern, should go to the monograph of my friend and former pupil, Murray W. Bundy, who took up a systematic investigation of the terms at his teacher's request.

Let us begin, as he does, with the Greeks. Perhaps no argument of the Platonic Socrates is better known than the one in the *Republic* leading to the injunction against imitative artists, the persons, as we should say, of dramatic imagination. Socrates argues that they must be excluded from his imaginary State. In educating the Guardians of the State, the lawgiver must protect them from contact with imitative poets, whether comic or tragic. The Guardians simply must not learn to imitate, as do the poets and actors. Thus Socrates works the matter out with his interlocutor Glaucon in Book Three of the *Republic:*

'Neither must they [the Guardians] represent slaves, male or female, performing the offices of slaves?'

'They must not.'

'And surely not bad men, whether cowards or any others, who do the reverse of what we have just been

describing, who scold or mock or revile one another in drink or out of drink, or who in any manner sin against themselves and their neighbors in word or deed, as the manner of such is. Neither should they be trained to imitate the action or speech of men or women who are mad or bad; for madness, like vice, is to be known but not to be practised or imitated.'

'Very true,' he replied.

'Neither will they imitate smiths or other artificers, or oarsmen or boatswains, or the like?'

'How can they?' he said. . . .

'Nor may they imitate the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the murmur of rivers and roll of the ocean, thunder, and all that sort of thing?'

'Nay,' he said, 'if madness be forbidden, neither may they copy the behavior of madmen.'

The upshot is that the poets, and imitative artists generally, are to be excluded from the Socratic Utopia. As Plato has been called the Greek Moses, you may already have been reminded, by the passage I have read, of another lawgiver, and a similar law, a law designed, not for an imaginary utopia, but for an actual commonwealth, the body politic of Israel. It is the second Divine command in the Mosaic Decalogue:

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them.

Here is an injunction against imitative sculpture, and apparently against painting; and if we extend the range of the word 'likeness' so as to include imitation of any sort, there would be an edict against dramatic poetry also. In fact, so the command was interpreted in Puritan England and New England; all the more because the Hebrews never developed a drama comparable with that of other nations, and because the Bible contains nothing that off-hand resembles a stage-play. But indeed, if we begin to push the Mosaic decree a little hard, it will work against two impulses which a benevolent Creator seems to have implanted in the very nature of man, the universal human impulse to imitate, and the impulsive pleasure we take in the results of imitation. Aristotle noted these two impulses when he looked into the human soul to find the origin of poetry. Any one may observe them in the play of children, where the little actors enjoy their own spectacle; in Penrod the impulse to imitate and the delight in the results of imitation are nearly fused into one instinct. Or, to turn for a moment from the Old Testament to the New, the two impulses are noted in one of the many parables or likenesses we find in the dramatic eloquence of Jesus:

Whereunto then shall I liken the men of this generation? . . . They are like unto children sitting in the market-place, and calling one to another, and saying: 'We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept.'

There are comedy and tragedy in a nutshell.

Pushed to an extreme, the edict against likenesses would keep us from using simile and metaphor, from saying, 'The Lord is my shepherd,' or, 'In the dark valley and shadowy cavern, I, a lamb, will fear no evil.' It would run counter to the language of both Old Testament and New, for that language is surcharged with likeness and metaphor. It would keep us from using language at all, for language is made up of live and dead similes and images.

But we must not labor the point. The edict of Moses is directed against idolatry. We must use caution in extending the range of the command, though with caution it may be usefully extended. Plato as usual is right. We are to observe a correct method in our representations of the divine nature. So the Psalmist does, and so the New Testament, for they also are right, more so than the Platonic Socrates. And we are not to bow down to images and likenesses; it is an important rule in reading and writing to recognize a metaphor or a simile when you meet

one, and, when necessary, to distinguish between a sign and the thing signified. Thou shalt not bow down to a figure of speech, not even if it is a Roman image called 'Evolution,' and spelled with a capital letter. How often are writers led astray, not merely by a false comparison, but by pushing a good likeness or analogy farther than it should take them. Plato, however, is particularly right in his own artistic procedure; in his own method of composition, that is, as distinguishable from the utterances of any person in a Platonic dialogue taken at their face value. The *Republic*, the very dialogue in which the ironical Socrates banishes the imitative artists, is itself an imaginative construction, a piece of imitative art in the Greek sense. And whereas the education recommended in the *Republic* is rather deficient or negative as regards any training of the imagination, that dialogue itself is a very good training-ground for the imaginative faculty. Further, it and most of the other dialogues of Plato are, as a literary type, characterized by the presence of highly imaginative myths. Perhaps the release of the prisoners in Plato's allegory of the Cave suggests a training of the imagination; when their heads are free, they are to look at the images which caused the

shadows that they formerly took to be real. By graded exercises the capable heads at last are able to gaze at the Sun of truth itself. In the *Phaedrus,* too, the Myth of the Soul portrays the discipline and ultimate flight upward of a purified imagination. I submit that more study of the Platonic dialogues, above all if they were read in Greek, and more attention to that geometry which Plato demanded of his own students, would tend to remove a lack of imagination that we often deplore in our classes. Certainly near the end of the *Symposium* we find a sharp educational method outlined for training, purifying, and exalting the human imagination till it reaches the highest pagan beatitude. No passage in classical Greek literature comes closer to saying: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

But I turn to the impure heart, a cave full of tarnished images. In the Authorized Version the *camera obscura* or place where Everyman keeps his pictures is called the 'heart.' As the Decalogue is against vain images, so the import of 'imagination' and 'imagine' is almost invariably bad, not only in the Old Testament, but, partly as a result of that, in the New Testament as well. Thus:

Gen. 6.5: And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

Gen. 8.21: For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.

Deut. 31.21: For I know their imagination which they go about, even now, before I have brought them into the land which I sware.

In the last passage, note the absence of the word 'heart,' though the notion seems to be there. In the passages I have taken from Jeremiah, the seat of the imagination is clearly the heart; and the Book of Jeremiah is of all the books in the Bible the most prolific in our familiar phrase. I give three, and omit five, of these passages.

Jer. 3.17: At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem: neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart.

Jer. 7.24: But they hearkened not, nor inclined their ear, but walked in the counsels and in the imagination of their evil heart, and went backward, and not forward.

Jer. 9.14: But have walked after the imagination of their own heart, and after Baalim. (So Jer. 11.8; 13.10; 16.12; 18.12; 23.17.)

The New Testament echoes this usage, in the Magnificat (Luke 1.51):

> He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

I have noted but one passage in which the concept of a good imagination appears and this word is specifically used for it. This is 1 Chron. 29.18: 'O Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, . . . keep this for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of thy people, and prepare their heart unto thee.' Of course the word 'heart' itself would take us to a great many passages in which the image-making power is specified or implied, and the corruption of man is measured by his corrupt images, or, as we should say, by his corrupt imagination. Several passages of this import occur together early in the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel:

> Son of man, these men have set up their idols in their heart. . . . Thus saith the Lord God: Every man of the house of Israel that setteth up his idols in his heart, . . . and cometh to the prophet, I the Lord will answer him that cometh, according to the multitude of his idols; that I may take the house of Israel in their own heart, because they are all estranged from me through their idols. . . . Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations.

Over and over we meet the concept that a good age or generation has a clean imagination, and that when an age or people grows corrupt, it is the general imagination that is tainted, and grows foul. The individual, however, can avoid the taint: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.' (Ps. 51.10.)

The verb 'imagine,' too, has mostly bad associations. Thus (Prov. 12.20): 'Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil.' 'Imagine devices' (Job 21.27; Ps. 10.2), 'Imagine a mischievous device' (Ps. 21.11), and 'Imagine mischief' (Ps. 62.3; 140.2 — 'imagine mischiefs'; Hosea 7.15; Nahum 1.9) are typical expressions. Again, 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' (Ps. 2.1) is echoed in the New Testament (Acts 4.25).

Be it noted, however, that whereas no provision is made in the *Republic* for a training of the imagination, or at all events no specific class of imaginative persons is recognized as a group to be cared for in the State, there are in the Old Testament what we may call schools of the prophets — they are actually called 'companies' of the prophets, or 'sons' of the prophets —

to be numbered by fifties or even hundreds in a group. A faculty of the spirit, a pure imaginative faculty, is recognized as something to be quite purposely nourished and trained. This faculty, the power of true vision, is called 'faith.' So Habakkuk 2.4: 'The just shall live by his faith.' This also is taken over by the New Testament, in Romans 1.17: 'The just shall live by faith.' The great chapter on the subject is, of course, the eleventh of Hebrews. There, in virtually every case where the word 'faith' occurs, the word 'imagination' might have been used, save that the history of this word up to the year 1611 was only a little better outside translations of the Bible, in secular writings and so on, than it was in the English Bible itself. The word is better rather than worse in Shakespeare, and still oftener used in a nobler sense by Milton. In our day it has become a very good word through the efforts of Wordsworth mainly, seconded by Coleridge, and then through the discussions of it by Shelley, Hunt, and Ruskin. To-day, therefore, we might systematically replace the word 'faith' by 'imagination' in that chapter of Hebrews, and the change would make the sense more intelligible to most readers. Thus: Imagination 'is the substance

of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' By imagination, 'Noah, being warned . . . of things not seen as yet, . . . prepared an ark.' It is as if one were to say in Wall Street, By imagination Leader Joseph — not Joseph Leiter, but a real Prometheus — foresaw the wheat-crop for fourteen years ahead. By imagination, or faith, Edward H. Harriman saw a double line of steel rails reaching across this continent to San Francisco; and by faith, or imagination, James J. Hill saw a similar line of railway extending through smiling fields of grain and fields of ore from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, when as yet his rails and mines, and the locomotives and wheat, not to mention the arks on the other Great Lakes, were the substance of things hoped for. The striking thing about this imagination is its reality. It is one and the same imagination in practical affairs and in the higher sphere of contemplation, identical in the active and theoretical life, in Joseph's dreams and his benevolent corner of the market. It is bound up with life as a whole; it unifies life, is necessary to life. 'Where there is no vision,' says the Proverb (29.18), 'the people perish.' It is coextensive with life; so Joel 2.28: 'And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my

spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.' The vitality of the Biblical imagination resides in the essential truth of the image to the idea it is meant to convey: 'The Lord is my shepherd'; 'Our Father which art in heaven.' It is vivid without debasement. That noble vitality will be seen if we compare the Greek riddle of the Sphinx about infancy, manhood, and old age, with the three ages of man as set forth by the prophet Isaiah. The Sphinx inquired, 'What is it that goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?' Oedipus answered rightly, 'Man.' That is prettier than mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, and ending in second childishness and mere oblivion. But 'They that wait upon the Lord,' says Isaiah (40.31), 'shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' That is not an anticlimax, but the normal course of a healthy imagination in youth, the prime of life, and a well-managed age, as the old age of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and doubtless Isaiah himself, still on two legs in body and mind, or as that of Titian painting his second

See Longfellow "Mortuis Salutamus."
and Same Matthews

Peter Martyr at ninety, and still painting at ninety-nine. After the body has reached its prime, the imagination still moves onward. At a leisurely pace, it may be, but steadily and without fainting, new impressions are stored up; each new impression makes feasible an infinity of new combinations with images already possessed, and of variations upon them. If anything, the facility of combination increases as the years go by. Here is an advantage the elderly have over the young, and a gain in itself so momentous as actually to outweigh the many advantages age seems to have yielded to youth. It is only age that can have a true picture of life as a whole. In the Sistine Chapel Michael Angelo has represented the Creator himself as an Elder.

But we must turn again to a blacker panorama. Jeremiah testifies to the badness of Everyman's unregenerate imagination. Ezekiel, whose book is a Hebrew counterpart to the *Republic* of Plato, bores a hole, as Plato does, into the Cave. There Plato shows us Everyman bemused with shadows. The Book of Ezekiel shows us Everyman in his *camera obscura* enjoying a filthy interlude. The hand of the Lord God fell upon Ezekiel, and took him by a lock of his

head; and the spirit brought Ezekiel in the visions of God to the door of the court at Jerusalem (8. 7–12):

> And when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, dig now in the wall.' And when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, 'Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here.' So I went in and saw; and behold every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about. And there stood before them seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel, and in the midst of them stood Jaazaniah the son of Shaphan, with every man his censer in his hand; and a thick cloud of incense went up. Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery? For they say: "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth."'

Such is the mind of a dirty old dog of an Everyman at the age of sixty, already going on three legs, and such are the pictures on his wall. On occasion he will even have a den in his house so decorated, and his shelves will contain a row of costly volumes with dirty text and illustrations to match; for there are writers of vile imagination who spill their images and patterns into books, and call the miscreate issue 'art.' Imagine, if you please, seventy ancient and hon-

orable novelists and playwrights of our day, all obsessed with sex, glorifying their obsession and enjoying it, swinging their censers of incense before the pet idols of America, and in the midst of the seventy the author of a play called '****** *********.' When I was a boy I was mystified by the recurrent Biblical phrase, 'an evil and adulterous generation.' Since then, having read Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and observed some books that are 'best-sellers,' I know what the phrase means. It seems that such generations appear only too often in history, and that ages of aspiring art are only too rare. That the generation now perhaps about to pass was such as Ezekiel in his time condemned we may be inclined to believe, because of the prevalent view that art is not art unless it be indecent, and because under cover of an attack upon an alleged 'Victorian' prudery there was an attack upon the Greek and Hebrew, and grave old Roman sense of shame. A sense of shame and decency has attended the best art of every true civilization so far. The absence of shame is characteristic of bad dogs and monkeys. That the highest pagan art is not indecent, witness the Platonic Myth of the Soul in *Phaedrus*; for that myth too says clearly enough: Happy are the pure

in imagination, for they see the most beautiful picture of all.

Our next picture is not so dark as Ezekiel's, but is shadowy all the same. It represents, not Everyman's vile imagination, but Everyman's confused and blurred and false imagination. It is, of course, the Myth of the Cave in the *Republic* of Plato. Since the *Republic* has to do with the conduct of men in groups, with the problem how to produce justice for the commonwealth, not every reader may be aware that in the allegory of the Cave Socrates is talking also about the individual imagination, or Everyman's chamber of imagery. But read the passage (*Republic,* beginning of Book 7, Jowett's translation):

'Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.'

'I see.'

'And do you see,' I said, 'men passing along the

wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.'

'You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.'

'Like ourselves,' I replied; 'and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?'

'True,' he said; 'how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?'

'And of the objects which are being carried, in like manner they would only see the shadows?'

There will be a gain in brevity and clearness if we now leave Jowett's translation, and take up J. A. Stewart's paraphrase of the myth (Stewart, pp. 251–2):

There is a Cave in form of a long tunnel which, retaining throughout the dimensions of its entrance, runs down, with a steep decline into the earth. Some way down, where the daylight at last fails, a great Fire is burning, and beyond the Fire there is a low wall built across the Cave at right angles to its direction. Over the top of this wall showmen hold up and move about little images of men and animals. The shadows of these images are thrown on the rock with which the Cave ends some way beyond. Facing this end-rock of the Cave and the shadows thus thrown upon it are Prisoners bound so that they cannot turn around. These Prisoners, whose knowledge is confined to shadows of images, represent people who have nothing better than second-hand, hearsay knowledge of 'par-

ticular facts.' But the Philosopher comes down from the daylight into the Cave, and unbinds some of them, and 'converts' them — turns them round, so that they see the showmen's little images, the 'realities' of these shadows. These converted ones represent people who have direct, first-hand knowledge of 'facts.' Some of these the Philosopher is able to lead up the steep floor of the Cave, past the Fire, which is the Visible Sun, and out into the daylight, which is the light of the Intelligible Sun, the Good, the source of existence and true knowledge. At first the released prisoners are so dazzled by the daylight that they cannot bear to look at the things illuminated by it — men, animals, trees — much less at the Sun itself, but can look only at shadows of men and animals and trees on the ground, or reflections of them in water. These shadows and reflections, however, differ from the shadows seen on the end-rock of the Cave, in being shadows, not of images of real things, but of real things themselves. They represent the diagrams of geometry, and, generally, the symbols and concepts employed in the deductive sciences to express the principles or laws with which the inquiry is really concerned. In time, the eyes of the released prisoners become accustomed to the daylight, and men, animals, trees, the moon and stars, and, last of all, the Sun, can be looked at. We have now reached the end of all education — the direct apprehension of the ἰδέαι, or Principles, which severally, and as connected system, explain particulars, just as the living man once seen 'explains' the showman's image of him.

We pass quickly to our last subject, the use and training of the imagination. No need to dwell upon the advantage of keeping it clean.

It is itself the power of substituting one thing for another; we can deliberately hunt for better and better images, without going outside of the store we have already laid up. We can also look for better and better images in external nature. We can also improve our taste in books, through a determination to find the best. Every one knows that he ought to read the Bible, and things like the works of Plato and Dante. For the cleansing of the imagination I will but refer to Dante's wonderful stream of memory and forgetfulness, one stream, with the dual name of Lethe and Eunoë. After bathing in Lethe, the poet has forgotten all he should forget, all images of sin, folly, confusion, and pain; by bathing in Eunoë he fixes once and for all, clearly, every image it is good for him to remember. That is what he aims to do for the student of the *Commedia,* for the whole poem is a stream which when we plunge into it bears off the deadly grime of what we should forget, and tends to fix for ever the pure images by which the contemplating mind survives. Every one knows that his imagination is independent of time; the best arguments for the immortality of the soul are derived from a study of the imagination; and that cleansing the soul works for

its perpetuation is a matter of common belief in all ages, as evinced by all literatures. The function of the Bible in this process is known to all who read the book with attention. As we have seen, Plato and Dante also purify the *camera obscura,* replacing evil and blurred works of art on the wall by noble, distinct, and true pictures.

I have more particularly to speak of training the imagination in students of literature and history. The process of training it must be something like the habit which Aristotle enjoins upon dramatists when they are composing. The dramatist, says Aristotle, must in the act of composition visualize the action he is representing, and must act out the part of an angry man, or a frightened one, with the very postures and gestures that belong to the emotion; there is the well-known James-Lange theory of emotion anticipated by more than two thousand years. In this way only the writer will avoid inconsistency, and be moved to utter the appropriate words. 'If you would have me weep,' Horace tells the poet, 'you must yourself first grieve.'

Reading a piece of literature, or studying the words of a man in the past, is a process like that, only reversed. You must begin with the outer

images, see precisely what it is you are looking at, work out the pattern in detail, and from the picture thus objectively seized you learn the emotion that caused it. That is the way to escape folly and inconsistency in the understanding of what you read. Years ago, in class, two young ladies from Locke, New York, were reading Coleridge's poem, *The Hour When We Shall Meet Again.* It begins with the pleasing concept that the wished-for Hour is asleep on a cloud-bank in the distant sky; and the poet asks the Hour to rise and harness her steeds to the aerial chariot that shall bring her to him. Her steeds are a pair of doves; and that is the point, for I desired the class to visualize the image. So they did, but at Locke, New York, turtles are not doves. I ask the reader, then, to see, what the young ladies saw:

> Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
> O rise and yoke the Turtles to thy car.

They saw something queer, too, in a line where Coleridge uses the word 'mast' in the sense of *acorns*:

> Underneath a huge oak tree
> There was of swine a huge company,
> That grunted as they crunched the mast.

Reviving an individual poem is reviving a part of the past. Reviving the past, whether in history or literature, is an act of the imagination. It must be an act of purposeful and controlled imagination. Whether the past you are reviving be ten or twenty centuries ago, ten or twenty days ago, ten or twenty minutes ago, the activity of the student is the same. Our business as scholars is the re-creation, through the image-making faculty, of a life, some portion of life, that without this effort would be lost. It does make a difference, of course, whether we choose to save a life that is worth saving; and the scholar is always faced with this choice. He may betake himself at will to the fairest epochs of history, and relive the life of the fairest individuals. We re-create the valuable life, first in ourselves, and then in others. The student must, of course, take a subject that he is capable of treating; and when he is fairly at work he should like what he is doing; and what he does should be of value to other persons of worth.

Thus the training supplied by the achievement of a good doctoral dissertation is a training of the imagination. This training involves a complete induction in some manageable and significant field. The subject must be one and

a whole, practically detachable, sharp in outline, so that it may be imaged as a whole. Of this subject the student gains control by dividing it into its parts, and getting control of the parts one by one. The whole must be reduced to its indivisible parts, the atoms as it were, the unit images. Each indivisible part must be seen precisely as it is, first in itself, then in relation to the whole. If necessary, begin at the end, and enumerate the parts backward; sometimes, as in a sentence misread by a careless reader, the particle that was missed is found only by his reading the parts or images in reverse order. You may call the process a control of the atoms, or you may call it something that amounts to the same, a control of the atomic, individual, distinct acts of the mind, so that the recombination of these separate acts into one whole becomes an independent synthesis. Since the subject studied is external to the student, the operations of his mind are always checked and rectified by an external standard, by an outer reality.

First, then, comes observation, seeing the thing as it actually is, making a true image. Observation is fundamental. If you cannot see what is there, what trained observers all see, you certainly cannot see its ideal relation to some-

thing greater. If you cannot see every word in the line, down to the letter, you cannot hope to see what lies between the lines, the personal or historical relations of the writer. Comparison, if it is different from observation, is also fundamental. If the two can be distinguished, observation comes first, observation of the indivisible part. Actually the teacher can differentiate between exercises that confine the observation, and exercises that extend the comparison. Still we must observe the whole, and that involves comparison, comparison of the beginning and end of a poem, comparison of the paired symmetrical organs of a fish.

To every teacher of experience it is clear that the pupil who is not faithful in the observation of a few things will not be capable of ruling over many things. So runs the Parable of the Talents. According to that parable there should be a number of humble tasks that are very good for the imagination. Thus I never met a person who had a hand in making a concordance of any significant author, who did not think this work helpful to literary taste. Professor Broughton and Professor Putnam Jones, I am sure, would bear me out with similar testimony. So would Professor Rand, the eminent Latinist

of Harvard University. So would the President of Oberlin College, who collaborated with Rand in making a concordance for Dante, and is a sympathetic translator of modern Italian verse. Perhaps I may speak on this question from my own self-knowledge. Making a concordance of Wordsworth involves separately recording all the verbal images of Wordsworth, making a separate record of each individual word, and then rearranging them in a new order. Each one of them has to be looked at separately a number of times in the process; finally, each has to be scrutinized and verified in the original text. You have to verify every word and every quotation by comparing each word and line in the proofs with that word and line in the text of the poet. Proof-reading in general is good discipline for the image-making faculty; proof-reading a concordance of a superior poet is superior discipline for that faculty. What a person who never has done this sort of work may think of it is probably remote from the truth. For myself, I may say that no single task I ever performed so helped my imagination, and, if it is proper to add, my style, as did making the Concordance of Wordsworth, that complete induction of the poet's words and images.

It meant reducing the whole pattern of Wordsworth's imagination to its indivisible elements, seeing each one of them by itself distinctly, and recombining them into the orderly whole of the published volume. Extensive reading is good for the scholar's imagination, reading works of pure, clean, sharp imagination like the visions and parables of the Bible, or the *Commedia* of Dante, or the myths of Plato. But prolonged intensive study of a definite set of images is less likely to be engaged in by the pupil, when left to his own devices, than is extensive reading; intensive study is therefore all the more to be insisted on by his guide. The leader does not wish the study to be vague.

History and literature are supposed to belong to the less exact branches of study, in spite of the fact that they are supposed to be the main haunt of pedants. That probably is an unfortunate way of beginning to talk about them; for in studying them, as in all other branches of study, we find that some things — a large number — can be certainly known, some things are not or cannot be known, and between these extremes lies a middle ground containing many things we are not sure about. That is the case with physics, psychology, and so on, with all

the physical and all the ethical sciences. But the important matter is that in the study of history and literature we are constantly learning more about things we thought uncertain and unknown, just as in the other branches of science. Further, some parts of the study of language and literature are very exact. All literature is expressed in language, and language can be very exactly studied. Logic and number enter into grammatical studies; on this side, then, literature can be precisely investigated. On the whole it actually is a far more exact discipline than untrained persons take it to be, even some who have given years to other disciplines. And we doubtless are all agreed that we ought to make this, and every other discipline, absolutely precise where they can be made precise, since only thus can we draw a sharp line between what we know and what we do not; drawing that line is the beginning of wisdom. It is a line that constantly advances like a fringe of fire over the prairie. That thin, fiery, systematic advance is the very condition of science or learning.

A better way of looking at history and literature is to regard them as one study, the aim of which is to re-know, re-feel, re-live the past,

so as to enrich our present by taking up into it the best part of human experience. This study of the past reaches to the present, for the present, too, is an advancing line, as the little increments to the great fund of experience keep joining themselves to that past which alone can be studied. But the present we cannot well observe, just because it is moving. And the recent past still seems to fluctuate. A great advantage in the study of history and literature is that, as soon as we can see our objects at rest in their proper magnitude, we can always see them so. The investigator can go back to his material, and it will not have changed in size or color while he has looked at something else. His experiment, so to speak, and the conditions of it, will not be altered. He himself can alter: he can become a more and more competent observer by returning to look at his object until he sees it as it is. Our study of human life, then, belongs in the realm of those disciplines, like astronomy, geography, and geology, where the investigator finds his experiments already made, and in which the field of experiments thus already made, by man or nature, is inexhaustible. Thus literature is an inexhaustible field for the study of the human soul. Think how the great

epic poets, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, have laid bare the action and passion of man. Think how the great dramatic poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Molière, have brought the secrets of human emotion and act before our very eyes. Think, again, of a great obstinately questioning poet like Wordsworth, who is sometimes called 'introspective,' though his main study was the way in which thought follows thought, image follows image, emotion follows emotion, in the mind of Everyman. He studied the laws or patterns of mental association, the associated mental pictures, in all the leading poets before him. He studied association or *Gestalt* in the mind of an Idiot Boy, a Forsaken Indian Woman with her newborn babe, in his friend and brother-poet, in children of three and of seven years, and in aged men on the highway. He was always studying the nature of poetic imagination. There are those who think that *The Prelude,* which Wordsworth also entitles *Growth of a Poet's Mind,* is one of the very enlightening documents of all time on the human soul; but most significant of all his views, I think, is the intuition of his later years, the view that organized historical Chris-

tianity is the great poetical effort of the human imagination.

At all events it is reasonable to think that gifted poets, men of the deepest insight, men of the keenest observation and sympathy, have more to tell the rest of us about the behavior of human beings than have the rank and file of laboratory-psychologists, and especially the rank and file of those who do not read the poets. That remark is not intended to belittle laboratory methods, or any other methods, that will increase or rectify our understanding of men. Perhaps the only quarrel the student of literature nowadays should have with the professional soul-monger is that the *Gestalt*-psychologists did not see betimes how Plato anticipated all their doctrine, and ordered the parts of it in a larger whole; for Plato is the *Gestalt*-philosopher. But doubtless all of us, psychologists, students of literature, and historians, and shall I couple theorists in education? still need the helping hand of the philosopher-poet to wake us from our shadowy dreams, and lead us out of the Cave. Yet Another than Plato is needed to lead us through the valley of the shadow of death.

THE BRIDLE OF WIT

Our subject concerns what educated young men and women may now do for the commonwealth; the title should check us from vagrant generalities, and make our thought keep pace with the patriot Dante; for this title comes from Canto 26 of the *Inferno*; and the substance also mainly comes from that evil pit where Dante beholds the myriad flames that symbolize unbridled human speech. There the gifted poet is alarmed by the examples of talent, divinely given, that defrauds its Maker, itself, and its fellow men, through its own burning and flaming eloquence: 'Then I grieved, and now I grieve afresh whenever I reflect on what I saw, and I bridle my wit beyond my wont so that it may not run where virtue does not guide it.'

A bridle suggests a horse, and for the moment our horseman shall be Chaucer's Knight, nobly mounted, and a type of the chivalric virtues, truth and honor, freedom and courtesy. Controlling the finest of all the lower animals man has tamed, the Knight also controls the most lively

and tireless sheaf of muscles in the human body, for he has never uttered a base or foolish thing to any human being high or low: 'He never yet no vileynye ne sayde in al his lyf unto no maner wight; he was a verray *parfit* gentil knyght.' The epithet 'perfect' shows that Chaucer in sketching his Knight draws on a well-known Biblical passage about governing horses and tongues. It is the very passage that Dante has in mind when he grieves over misapplied talents in numberless men, as he warns speaker and audience, reader and poet, to watch their step and bridle their wits. 'If any man stumble not in word,' says the apostle James, 'he is a perfect man.' Besides the horse, James alludes to other brute beasts mankind has tamed, to more creatures, in fact, than the men of his time assembled for the amphitheatre at Rome, or Ephesus, or Antioch. So the apostle is cited by Sir Francis Galton for evidence on the age-long experiments through which man has secured our present domestic animals. From a black obelisk of Nineveh Galton learns how Ashurakbal caught wild beasts of varied kinds, and had their young ones reared and tended as carefully as lambs, 'curious animals of the Mediterranean Sea,' and 'birds of heaven with beautiful wings.'

From a traveler in Peru he learns of all the strange beasts and birds which the Inca kept at Court, of the serpent conservatory, and the place where they housed 'the pumas, jaguars, and bears.' Thus Galton arrays the evidence to prove 'that numerous cases occur, year after year, and age after age, in which every animal of note is captured,' and its capacity for domestication unconsciously tested.

And thus Galton helps us to visualize the rapid imagery of James, who suddenly calls the tongue of man a horse, a rudder, a lever, a small flame in a dry forest, a bird, a serpent, a sea-beast like the dolphin, and finally, again, a serpent. The tongue is every creature that runs, or flies, or glides, that moves openly and boldly, or flits or writhes in secret. 'If any man [or woman] stumble not in word,' thinks James, the same is a perfect gentleman or lady, one who can bridle the entire body. To some this counsel of perfection is sheer paradox; yet think of the inward habit which Chaucer and James and Dante imply, the discipline of impulse, passion, intellect, never once to slip outwardly in grammar, decency, or good sense! The brute within will some time bleat; for who can always act? The Apostle continues:

Behold, we put bits into the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which though so great, and driven by fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small rudder, whithersoever the helmsman willeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and raiseth great matters. Behold what a great forest one spark will ignite! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. Such is the tongue among our members: it defileth the whole body; it setteth on fire the course of natural impulse, and itself is set on fire by hell.

For every kind of beasts, and of birds, of serpents and sea-creatures, is tamed, and hath been tamed, by mankind; but the tongue can no man tame: it is a restless evil, full of deadly venom.

Observe the spark. Observe at the end the swaying adder or unruly asp, deaf to the lure of the charmer. The tongue is a poisonous viper that darts like a lance of fire; the viper itself has a tongue like a forking flame. Such imagery as that of James we bear in mind when, with Dante, we prepare to encounter the ancient, eloquent explorer Ulysses. Yet the preparations and our meeting with this subtle, fiery Greek seem to offer a respite from the woe and horror of the *Inferno*. At first, far below, the gliding tongues of flame which express and conceal the shifty counselors look like a myriad of Italian fireflies, more numerous and less fitful than our 'lightning-bugs,' streaking and cheq-

uering the final dusk over marish and ravine. And again on nearer view, when we see these lights to be wandering flames, we do not at first perceive the burning pain each guileful spirit suffers, shrouded in his own false eloquence. Yet the unseen burning and the visible tongue of flame are eternally united; the punishment is the sin itself in operation for ever. The ancient hero is shipwrecked by a whirlwind; he dies because he went beyond the bounds of ancient wisdom, ancient law, through what he now himself terms a 'mad flight,' an escapade that was born of folly. He finds himself in Hell because he abused his talent of God-given eloquence in fraudulent counsel.

Accordingly, one should not take the Ulysses of Dante for a real hero. Tennyson was off his guard perhaps when he did so; for, in his 'Echo of Dante,' Tennyson lets Ulysses appear as the ideal explorer and investigator. Leigh Hunt is wroth with Dante for dropping so fine a scientist and orator into the pit of Hell. Many readers, in fact, do not, in the Canto about Ulysses, bridle their wits long enough to distinguish these three things: first, what Dante, himself a voyager and orator, says of Ulysses; secondly, how the poet and rhetorician Dante constructs

the sophistical utterance of Ulysses; and, thirdly, what the effect of Ulysses' arguments should be on a watchful observer. The poet certainly warns us all against fraudulent counselors, but his task is also to construct a fallacious utterance for such a character, with one result which no poet can avoid. If the poet skilfully represents a successful deceiver in the act of deceiving, some readers will be deluded by the fallacious argument. The less they watch their step, and the more artistic the deception, the more readers will be taken in.

It is with Dante as with Milton. The Satan of *Paradise Lost* is a stupendous voyager, and appears to be an eloquent orator. The ironical Milton makes this shady personage a successful liar. Albeit some of the devilish audience listen with tongue in cheek, Satan in Hell does gain assent through his fallacies, and, after a prodigious journey out and away, ends by imposing on the simple young wife of Adam. He is also taken by many schoolboys, some editors, and even a few poets, to be a gentleman. Byron, Shelley, and Burns accept the Miltonic Satan for an admirable character. That the aim and upshot of his stupendous voyage is the deception of an innocent young woman does not lower him

in the eyes of a Burns, a Shelley, or a Byron. Since all these gentlemen could boast of the like success in exploits with young women, they are not alive to the fraud and fallacy in much else that Satan does and says. Other students, more innocent, but heedless, are misled by the Arch-deceiver in spite of Milton's effort to protect them. The poet, addressing all readers, introduces the Father of Lies in words which, coming from the poet himself, should unmistakably warn all and each. In the proem he declares that the motives of Satan are pride, envy, and revenge, and their method of operation, not force, but guile. This clear warning about the nature and method of the infernal serpent is uttered by the truthful author before he allows Satan to say one word in the poem; and hence no reader should believe a thing Satan says, about himself or any one else, without better evidence than that the Prince of Liars has said it. Of Satan's eloquence, when we have heard a deal of it, Milton remarks that it has 'semblance of worth, not substance.' Accordingly, the public utterances of Satan are virtually all carefully constructed fallacies. Thus the expert Milton has Satan utter the sounding maxim that 'the mind is its own place, and in itself can

make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n'; before the careless reader and devils need forget that half-truth, Milton, a few lines on, gives his specious orator a maxim equally robust: 'Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heav'n.' Both maxims cannot be valid; they destroy each other; yet Byron and Shelley, devilishly careless of logic and Heaven, swallow both statements hook and all. These maxims are invented by Milton for a debased Stoic. The poet for his own life had the motto of Saint Augustine, 'Our souls are restless till they rest in Thee,' and the motto of Dante, 'In His will is our peace.' I believe he wished us to think of such mottoes as we listen to the Satanic maxims. It is also true that Milton, even when his subjects are base or ugly, must somehow invest them with nobility and beauty. He deals fairly with readers, and shows them his hand well enough, but he cannot obtrude it or he will defeat the poetic end of noble beauty. There we have another reason why many will think the Miltonic Satan and the Ulysses of Dante not only practical geographers but fine gentlemen who never stumble in speech, not to mention logic. The poets have somehow embellished them by art.

Milton's mottoes

Milton's procedure will throw light on

Dante's. Dante also studied rhetoric, and was even more adept in it. Throughout the *Commedia* he employs all his art in the service of virtue and truth. Even in that service, however, he must represent persons who have lost the good of the intellect, and among such he has to make deceivers speak true to type. For Ulysses, then, he constructs an utterance that is suited to the wily Greek and his function in the poem. This Ulysses, who in the *Commedia* must be an enemy of ideal empire, is often thought to be a very original conception of the poet. To that view of originality we need not demur, except to say that Dante always abstracts for himself whether he abstracts from the life of the market-place or from books. For his account of Ulysses he is thought to have drawn much upon his own invention, but also upon what he heard of remote geography from Italian travelers; yet for this account Dante takes more from Ovid than the commentators I have read make note of. In general he departs from the ideal home-loving man of the *Odyssey,* and is closer to the Odysseus or Ulysses of Greek tragedy and the later Greco-Roman literary tradition, where the erstwhile hero plays a sorry or despicable part. In the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid Ulysses undergoes

perhaps the worst of his classical degradations, though the sophistical Roman poet does not intend that. Ovid intends to show Ulysses as a complete master of the facile rhetoric in which the poet himself was trained, in which he glories, and which in Book 13 of the *Metamorphoses* is just about as bad as sophistical rhetoric ever becomes. Dante pierces that glittering, shallow eristic in an instant, being always on his guard against it; his reaction from Ulysses' victory in the Ovidian speaking-match is quite as original as his conversion of Ulysses from a home-loving husband, son, and father into a home-fleeing specious researcher, if it was Dante who finally gave the character this turn. The fraudulent rhetoric of this Ulysses is the outer expression of the inner man. He is old, but Dante in the *Inferno* makes him do the opposite of that which Dante in the *Convivio* thinks the noble soul in its declining age should do:

> First, . . . she returns to God as to that haven whence she set forth when she came to enter on the sea of this life; secondly, she blesses the journey which she has finished, because it has been straight and good, and free from bitterness of storm. And here we must know, as Tully says in his book *On Old Age*, 'A natural death is, as it were, a haven for us and resting-place after a long voyage.' And so, just

as a good mariner when he draws near to the harbor lets down his sails, and enters it gently with slight headway on, so in age we ought to let down the sails of our worldly pursuits, and turn to God with all our understanding and heart, so that we may come to that haven with all composure and with all peace.

We all remember with Dante the care of Virgil's Aeneas for his aged sire, and his wife, and his little son. By contrast, in the *Inferno* Dante makes Ulysses say that in the end he neglected his son, his father, and his wife, because of an unconquerable desire. It is not the desire which Dante approves in the *Convivio.* Further, Ulysses is made to say that he burned to become experienced in the world, and in the vices of men and in worth or value; with an emphasis on human vice that suggests the emphatic interest of readers who, content with the *Inferno,* are blind to the glory of the *Paradiso.* With this alleged interest in the behavior of human beings, Ulysses persuades his fellow Ancient Mariners to go on a quest for knowledge — whither? To the unpopulated watery hemisphere, 'the unpeopled world,' as he specifies, and as Dante's mediaeval readers believed. The clash between the two statements is violent, but so much poetry intervenes that Tennyson, like many another, did not notice the deceit. Many

indeed slip over the prologue of Ulysses' harangue to his sailors without marking even the first shiny generalization: 'O brothers, who through a hundred thousand perils are come to the West!' We Americans who are there swallow round numbers, however large, with zest; but my Seniors finally admitted that 100,000 was a large order of perils even for Ulysses. It is by far the largest specific number in the *Commedia*. We may add that no author is more cautious than Dante in his use of figures. Measure and design govern his poem, and it accords with his design that Ulysses should exaggerate. With the general design of the poet it accords also that Greek Ulysses should by anticipation be a wicked foe of the good Roman Empire; and hence Dante selects from ancient story the elements he needs. Following Statius as well as Ovid, he makes Diomede the inseparable companion of Ulysses. The two heroes join in the fraud of the Wooden Horse through which Troy was taken; in the trick that lured Achilles from his bride Deidamia into the war; and in the theft of the sacred Palladium, which had to be stolen before Troy could fall. Like Paolo and Francesca, Ulysses and Diomede are eternally bound in one torment; readers who think

the guilty union of either pair an eternal mitigation of their fate have something to learn about Dante, human nature, and hell. The two-horned flame of Ulysses and Diomede reminds our poet of the warring brothers Eteocles and Polyneices lying dead on the funeral pyre, and the deadly hatred between the flames of their burning. Another myth familiar to the poet concerns the Pillars of Hercules, our modern Straits of Gibraltar. The Ulysses of Dante has grown old in coasting about the Mediterranean. At length he comes to this Western boundary of the ancient world. Navigators of Dante's era sailed in the Atlantic, but for pagan Ulysses, in his day, a god had set the Pillars as a mark beyond which no living man might go. Ancient Ulysses defied the ancient law, and by fraudulent counsel brought his aged shipmates to defy it. They turn their ship away from the abodes of men, from the Mediterranean *orbis terrarum,* and, though old and slow, row for five months at high speed, Ulysses declares, over the unknown ocean westward and to the South. They traverse the equator, observe the starry Cross and other stars of the southern hemisphere, descry a wondrous lonely mountain rising from the sea, and barely have time to be glad

ere ship and all are sunk by a tornado from that island mountain. Dante nowhere tells us to believe Ulysses, and does let him tell what sounds like a magnificent fiction. Still, Dante in Paradise, having sought experience of men among the vicious in Hell, of men striving for goodness in Purgatory, and of perfect spirits happy in Heaven, looks down on the line of Ulysses' mad voyage out beyond Spain.

Let us turn directly to our canto in Hell. There Dante first notes five great civic robbers who are spreading the reputation of Florence. Then Virgil and he pursue their way among the splintered rocks until they descry the wandering gleams of misspent genius. And from this point we shall let Dante utter the rest of his canto:

Then I grieved, and now I grieve afresh whenever I reflect on what I saw, and I bridle my wit so that it may not run where virtue does not guide it; so that if a favoring star, or a Higher Power, hath bestowed on me that good talent, I may not through my own fault come to lose it. Many as are the fireflies which at the season when he who illumines the world least hides his face from us, and at the hour when the fly gives place to the gnat, many as those fireflies which the peasant resting on the hillside sees below in the valley, perhaps where he gathers grapes and does plow; so many were the flames wherewith the eighth

pit was gleaming, as I was ware so soon as I reached a point whence the bottom appeared. And even as he who avenged him by the bears saw the chariot of Elijah departing when the horses rose up to heaven, for his eyes as they followed could see naught but the flame mounting up like a cloud; so each of these flames moved through the gully of the dike, for not one gives token of what it conceals, and every flame keeps a sinner in hiding.

I stood on the bridge, upreared to look, in such wise that, but for clutching a boulder, without any to push me I should have fallen below; and my Leader, perceiving me thus intent, said: 'Within the fires are the spirits; each is robed in that with which he is set on fire.' 'Master mine,' I answered, 'through hearing thee I am more certain; yet already I had judged that so it was, and already I desired to ask thee, Who is within that fire which draws nigh with top so divided that it might seem to be rising from the pyre whereon Eteocles was laid with his brother?' He answered me: 'In torment therewithin are Ulysses and Diomede; and thus they go together in their retribution as formerly they went in wrath, and within the flame is moaned the ambush of the horse that made the breach whence issued the noble stock of the Romans. Within it is bewailed the stratagem through which Deidamia, though dead, still grieves for Achilles; there too is punishment borne for the Palladium.' 'If from within those flashes they can speak,' said I, 'O Master, I pray thee much, and pray again, that the prayer have the strength of a thousand, not to refuse to wait till the horned flame come hither; thou seest how in my longing I lean towards it.' And he said to me: 'Laudable indeed is thy prayer, and I therefore accept it; but see that thy tongue keep in check.

Leave the speaking to me; I have divined thy wish. Of thy speech they might be shy, since they were Greeks.' So soon as the flame had reached the point where time and place seemed fitting to my Leader, I heard him speak in order, thus: 'O ye who are twain within one fire, if aught I deserved of you while I lived, if I merited much from you or little when in the world I wrote my lofty poem, stay your motion, and [Virgil means Ulysses] let one of you say, where, after he lost his way, he came by his death.' The greater horn of that ancient flame began to wag, with a murmur, like a flame that is vexed by the wind. Anon, working its tip to and fro, as it were the tongue in speaking, it sent forth a voice, and said:

'When I departed from Circe, who for more than a year detained me there near Gaeta, before Aeneas named it so, neither fondness for my son, nor the duty owing to my aged father, nor the affection due Penelope which should have made her happy, availed to quell within me the burning desire to become experienced in the world, and in the vices of men, and their value; but I started forth on the deep, over the open sea, alone in a single bark, with that small company by which I was not deserted. Both coasts I saw, on either hand, as far as Spain and Morocco, and I saw the isle of the Sards, and the other isles which are laved round about by that sea. I and my companions were old and slow when we reached the narrow strait where Hercules set up his boundary-marks to the end that man should go no further; on the right I was leaving Seville, on the left I had passed beyond Ceuta.

'"O Brothers," I cried, "who through a hundred thousand perils are come to the West, to this brief vigil of our senses, to our brief time yet remaining,

grudge not to win, in the wake of the sun, experience of the unpeopled world. Bethink you whence ye sprang; ye were not formed to live the life of brutes, but to pursue virtue and science!"

'With this short harangue I made my fellows so eager for the voyage that hardly after that could I have held them back; and turning our stern towards the morn, of our oars we made wings to our mad flight, ever veering more to the left. All the stars of the other Pole did the night already see, and our own Pole so low that it rose not above the floor of ocean. Five times on the under side of the moon had the light been kindled, and as often quenched, since we set out on the arduous passage, when there came into view a mountain, dim in the distance, the like of which for height methought I never had seen. Joy filled our hearts, but soon it turned to mourning; for out of the new found land there issued a whirlwind, which smote the forepart of the vessel. Thrice with a maelstrom of waters it whirled her round; the fourth time round made the stern lift up, and the prow go down, as a Higher Power willed, until the sea closed over us.'

So Dante, that great searcher into human experience and love divine, the methodical and well-piloted voyager through Hell and Purgatory into Heaven, he who always had a goal, shows how the goalless investigation of Ulysses began and ended, in nothingness. Like the better Homeric Odysseus, the Italian poet had wandered far and wide, and many were the men whose towns he saw, and whose mind he learnt,

yea, and many the woes he suffered in his heart, the noble exile longing for an honorable return to his home and city. The tale he invents for a recreant Ulysses shows that Dante had experience of the world. What help does it offer to those who enter on the like experience? Dante more than any other poet sums up the art and wisdom of ancient and modern life conjoined, and is abreast of our times as no belated pagan like Goethe could be; and Dante, the writer with the greatest poetic energy and most piercing ken outside of the Bible, is not afraid to be called a teacher, he who for sheer beauty of style and image makes all the so-called artists 'for art's sake' look sick and wan. What, then, does his tale of Ulysses imply or reveal to those who wish to explore the world?

He tells us all that, since life is one and continuous, therefore scientific investigation and attempted discovery are not aloof from domestic sanctities and affections, nor from the welfare of the State; that research, however free, must not be divorced from good taste and good sense, nor science divorced from art. For his Ulysses, there was no bar to keep him from a happy, intelligent old age at home, like Solon ever learning to the end. Dante also hints at the fraud and

self-deceit there may be in research, so-called, that disdains the bridle of virtue. In fact, he tells us that the bridle of wit or genius is the bridle of art, which is virtue or the power that divines the right end from the beginning. He remembers this very point just as he launches on an episode that is often thought to be his most original invention, or even the most original tale in modern literature.

There are no young people in Dante's Hell. But the journeying poet, the Italian Everyman, tells the young that Every Man, and Every Woman, will doubtless meet some denizens of Hell. Our patriot Franklin echoed Dante when he 'said that he had met persons in the world whom he conceived to be already in a state of damnation.' Among these are fraudulent counselors of the State. We are asked by fluent speakers to turn the good ship 'Commonwealth' this way or that, and we are to be their companions on the journey we vote for. Mark how Dante precedes his tale of Ulysses with a reference to five grand scoundrels and civic thieves of Florence, and follows it with the story told by the secretive flame of the Count of Montefeltro, the very prince of evil counselors against public faith. Dante would also tell prospective voters in a democracy that every one of them is

a counselor of the State. Let us bridle our wits; think a little before we vote. Let us take such part in public life as is ours, and see that for that life our tongues run where the good of the intellect should guide them. It is not only the brilliant lights that can misuse the fire of their genius. The gift of thought and speech is God's miraculous gift to every one of us. Dante in his poem stands for Everyman each day facing eternity and the eternal question, What have you done with your talent?

Still the canto does dwell upon the function of leaders, and upon great powers and facilities of communication. In our day, it makes us think of unbridled politicians, economists, advertisers, reporters, of rampant, vociferous demagogues, noisy herdsmen of the bellowing herd; it makes us think also of unbridled moving pictures, the vulgarities and exaggerations of the press, the debasement of the 'radio.' What are the graduates of our colleges, the presumptive leaders of the next generation, going to do with these means of influence in the State? Is not the discovery of the 'radio' the most potent for human communication since the discovery of printing? What would Dante say to the current use of this potency in America?

And what would he say to our writers of fic-

tion, hard fatalists using brutal language, and with a singular notion of art? How many profess, not that art may, for pure motives, reveal indelicacy by decent means, but that art in order to be sincere must be unbridled, openly indecent. Literary art commonly is the sure measure of a civilization, the mark of its health. The diseases that have mainly undermined great nations in the past are two: wide-spread infidelity in domestic life, and corruption — 'graft' — in city and State. Both produce national depression of soul through an individual cheerlessness and inertia which the Middle Ages held to be one of the capital sins. What have our writers of current fiction done to raise up our nation, infected as it is with the evil sores of divorce and communal jobbery? Taken as a group, what can they do to cheer us, to encourage us in right and happy living? An Italian poet of the thirteenth century can do more for us than all of them. Let us not be deceived. Means of communication alter, to spread more quickly and farther what human wit there is to spread. But the laws governing human happiness do not vary. We have heard that our nation is sick and depressed. The cheerful young can cure it, for they constantly become the active nation; they go out from their schooling

into a world that needs college men and women who will form pure homes, and will not forget their love to the parent, the lifelong mate, the child. But upon the graduate of a university or college falls the duty of not restricting his powers to the attainment of a living, or to the maintenance of a home. Upon such, both men and women, falls the duty of purifying and healing the State. And let us bear in mind the fate of past nations. A nation, like an individual person, can be sick more than once, can be sick many times and recover; but there is such a thing as a man's last illness, or the final shipwreck, by a whirlwind, of the nation. The stern lifts up, and the prow shoots down, and the nation goes to its eternal judgment. The means devised by the Founders of our nation to insure life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness have not been surpassed by the novelties of European experimenters in government. Our own American experiment has outlasted nearly all the governments of Europe. Our ship is a good ship, and safe if virtue and education rule the helm.

EVOLUTION

'ALL things flow; nothing abides.' According to the pre-Socratic Heraclitus, you cannot step twice into the same river. Your right foot dips into the stream; that water is gone ere your left can follow. As time flies, all things move onward endlessly. It is the common notion. Where are the roses, the tongues, the thoughts, the dramas, the creeds, of yesterday? Are we not progressing? — Have we not progressed?

The belief in progress is generally, and quite uncritically, accepted. Its attendant, the doctrine of evolution, pervades the thought of our century, dominates the obvious part of science and learning, until expressions of it have become a kind of vulgarity. It is not the only philosophical current that has flowed down to us from ancient Greece; nor is it more likely than other things to abide in the eternal flux. Even now there is a swelling tide of books and articles on another philosophy, that of Einstein, which may be older than the geometry of Euclid; and with Einstein, what becomes, we will not say merely

of Evolution, but of time itself? Let us not, however, move too quickly from our point of observation, for, if some one does not remain while the many change and pass, there can be no standard at all, but, like passengers in a dark and noiseless train, we shall not even know that we are in motion. Accordingly, though the ultra-Modernist ought long ago to have condemned Darwin and Huxley as 'mid-Victorians' submerged in the river of Lethe, we may affirm that the ruling concept in the science of our day appears to be the concept of evolution.

The allusion to Heraclitus will remind us that our age is not the first in which the evolutionary concept has swayed the human mind. We may recall, too, that heretofore when men have let this concept run away with their thinking, the results have been dubious. Heraclitus was not the noblest among the forerunners of Plato and Aristotle; but perhaps Ovid, in the last twilight of paganism, at the dawn of the Christian era, is the type of those who are captivated by the evolutionary doctrine. In his stream of moving pictures or dissolving views, the *Metamorphoses*, we have an essentially unreligious and unmoral sequence of transformations. Beautiful poem as it is, fluent in itself and displaying a fluid order

in the changes of the visible world, yet it fails to reckon adequately with any cause that might give the whole series its motion. A sequence cannot be its own cause and mover. If the degenerate school of Ovid is a fair example, we might suspect that the habit of thinking in terms of evolution, without raising the question of a First Cause, is characteristic of an inferior stage of civilization.

However that may be, it is clear that this way of looking at things is predominant in much of our current science, above all when this science is offered to the layman. Pick up a book on any subject, a theory of the State, a treatise on language, or architecture, or marriage, or the democratic ideal, or what not; ten to one you will find the author bound by the spell of evolutionary thought. That is, he will begin just this side of the point — namely, the First Cause — where Moses and John, and even Heraclitus, begin. But thereafter he will be lavish with time; millions of years are a small matter with him — he will double the amount without winking. Beginning, then, countless ages before the dawn of recorded history, he will offer you a sequence of alleged facts, denoting a steady progress upward (save for the Middle Ages, when he thinks there

was no advance in anything), and culminating in the present decade; he will expect you to receive as literal truth a set of items, and an arrangement of them, that from the nature of the case must be almost purely hypothetical. My reader may think the illustration extreme, or even fanciful; I did not, indeed, lately meet it in a book, but heard substantially that in a recent sermon. The preacher was not a conservative. Within the week, again, I heard a respectable historian affirm that before the earliest stone age the human race must have used wooden implements for millions of years. How did they fashion them without something harder than wood? It is appalling to find even conservative writers pouring their notions on any topic into a similar mould.

Along with the evolutionary obsession goes the popular belief in what is called 'science.' There never was a more credulous age than ours; perhaps all ages have been equally credulous. But a credulity regarding an infallible 'science' is the chief superstition of our time. On the one hand, we have a bourgeois travesty of the Christian religion masquerading under the name of 'science'; on the other, a wide-spread notion that physical science is about to unlock, has virtually unlocked, all the secrets of nature.

Not only Tom, Dick, and Babbitt, but some that should know better, think that everything hitherto dark in physics, in chemistry, in biology, is now open to the light of day. The newspapers give confident statements about vitamins. A leading specialist in the subject tells us that we really know little about them. But call anything you please a scientific fact, and you win the immediate faith of the crowd.

Needless to say, that is a very unscientific attitude. Every great and independent man of science is humble, not confident. A Newton, a Kelvin, a Poincaré, is aware how little he knows, and for how much of that little he is indebted to those who have gone before him. Newton said that he stood upon the shoulders of giants. If we believe in evolution, then the evolution of science itself should make us realize the danger of underrating investigation in the past, or of overrating our own transient labors in comparison with the labor of centuries to come. When past methods have vanished, how strange the surviving conclusions and scientific catchwords sometimes look to us! When our methods are forgotten, how will our own conclusions appear to investigators a thousand years from now? Do we wish the scientific and scholarly men of

future ages to belittle us? And shall they, in turn, think that their knowledge can be more than infinitesimal in comparison with the vast unexplored ocean of reality that has faced mankind from the beginning?

The physical science of our day is itself in a peculiar state of flux. Within thirty years how many changes have there been in our notions regarding the basic structure of the material world? I brought away from college a mental picture of physical objects as aggregations of molecules like extremely small birdshot, mostly in neat piles like cannon-balls in time of peace. Now, if a layman can keep pace with the shifting views of Rutherford and Bohr, I must conceive of yet smaller atoms, at once projectiles and infantry, hurling themselves in the bombardment of a universal war. It is the philosophy of Democritus, Leucippus, and Lucretius, galvanized into a new appearance of life.

Meanwhile the crowd goes on rejoicing in its superstition of a science that is fixed, trustworthy, final. Of course what is meant is, not mathematics, say, or philology, but, above all, physical science; and not so much pure science as the useful applications of physics and chemistry in everyday life. Next, the common notion

is extended to include the biological sciences as applied to medicine, and psychology as applied or mis-applied to education. But aside from the practical applications, the term 'science' implies the evolutionary concept as something fixed and sure with regard to the simian origin of man. The keepers name the latest baby orang-outang in New York City William Jennings Darwin.

Investigators themselves are not always careful to define the word 'science,' or to think out their relation to the entire advancement of learning, and in America are not familiar enough with the history of their own special branches. Nor do they always stop to think that no science, not even mathematics, is equally exact throughout; but that in every branch of learning, while some things are relatively well-known, more, and these often the most important, lie in the field of conjecture. Further, in our American attempt to educate every one, however badly, we are developing no critical spirit, no general culture, no diffused historical perspective. Our doctors of philosophy have not read Plato and Aristotle. They severally investigate 'the heredity of coat-color in mice,' 'some new derivatives of pyromucic acid,' or 'the origin of the stratified rocks of the New York series,' or the like — I quote

Professor Grandgent on the Dark Age in which we are living; but they have no general culture. To know some one thing well is good. But if, in addition to that, the so-called educated American had a true critical spirit and a historical perspective, we should not be at once so gullible and self-satisfied. We might then see that the age of Plato had a culture founded upon both physical and ethical science; that the age of Aristotle was a greater scientific as well as philosophical age than ours; that the Alexandrian age was a scientific and scholarly period much like ours, in its multiple interests and in its lack of unity; and that the Middle Ages cultivated the ethical or humane sciences to better advantage than we do in America, however deficient we may think the mediaeval scholar with respect to physics and the sciences that deal with the physical side of man. As for the sciences that have been specially developed in modern times, we might see that the period beginning with the year 1750, and coming down to include the researches of Faraday, was more noteworthy for original and constructive investigation than the interval since. The period after the middle of the nineteenth century, with its empty dispute between the followers of Darwin and their opponents,

was relatively barren in scientific results. A good historical perspective might likewise show that a revival of that vain dispute in this country would be no good omen. Yet now, as heretofore, we may be sure that the real leaders of science and scholarship are quietly going about their work of observation and comparison, not divided into camps of Modernists and Fundamentalists, but constituting one unadvertised perpetual society. Such a man was Erasmus Darwin, of the eighteenth century, who had a better-rounded mind than his grandson. The latter, I believe, did some harm by imposing the concepts of English political economy, without being fully aware that he was so doing, upon the observation of natural forms of life.

Not that we should dissociate the various branches of science. An untoward sign of our times has been the divorce of sciences, or the splitting up of science into groups that go their way without intercommunication. All kinds of sympathies and correspondences really exist between the various branches, and between various groups that nowadays have parted company; and analogies may freely be drawn between those that are superficially unlike. Only, when we make use of the concepts of one science in the

development of another, we must be wide-awake, and proceed with caution. Then, to survey one science, as zoology, from a vantage-point in another, as philology, is like mounting an eminence that lies to one side of the object we are surveying. But, again, the final eminence from which we survey each and all of the special sciences is philosophy. Meanwhile, philosophy grows out of the special sciences. The whole is one living, sympathetic organism.

And so, if our anthropologists knew Greek philosophy, they would know that there are other ways of looking at phenomena besides the way of evolution in time. For example, there is the way of Parmenides, which is the exact opposite of Heraclitus' way. And between the two there is an intermediate way of Plato, and another intermediate way of Aristotle. Again, if you study Heraclitus, you can turn the concept of time around, and look at the distant past as if it were the future, and *vice versa*. Try it. Imagine yourself standing on a railway, and the rails extending twenty million miles in both directions from you. Euclid tells you that the lines are straight, but you are to believe with Einstein that, while they are straight for ordinary purposes, and to the human eye, yet actually

there is curve enough in them to make them meet at a distance of twenty million miles. Now imagine yourself transported across the circle to that opposite point, and again look in both directions along the railway. That, perhaps, is mathematics. Schopenhauer would tell the anthropologist that the first requisite in philosophical thinking is the ability to regard space and time as if they did not exist at all. If we wish to see things as they really are, we must, so to speak, get outside and above the conditions under which we ordinarily see them — that is, get away from the notions of space and time. I shall not ask all to do precisely that, for the attempt might lead us into a difficult question — the question whether space simply belongs to the thinking mind, or is not merely our human way of looking at things, but also belongs to the physical objects we think about. For this point, let the evolutionist study Immanuel Kant.

But I do wish to add a word about the mathematical conception of time that is associated with the name of Einstein. As a student of literature, I speak with a Pauline reservation. But, if I understand Einstein sufficiently, he asks us to regard time, not as we heretofore have done, but, so to speak, as if it were another, fourth, dimen-

sion in space; thus: length, breadth, time, thickness. You may arrange them in any order? Here is a concept that may be taken over from mathematics into physics, and so into other studies. I gather that this novel way of looking at time as something like a dimension in space has well-nigh revolutionized the study of physics, and astronomy, and is likely to have far-reaching effects upon natural science as a whole. I should think it would alter our notions of the antiquity of man, and of any long sequence in time whatever. But as yet the evolutionists are swimming in the ancient stream of Heraclitus.

It would be idle to deny the value of the evolutionary concept. I should be the last to deny it. The world is full of sequences, some obvious, some hidden but just as sure. There is growth from the dust to the crystal; there is evolution from the cradle, and from before the cradle, to the grave. The concept helps to bring order into a vast congeries of natural phenomena which would otherwise be disjoined, disparate, chaotic. And it would be idle to decry the patient labor of investigation into origins that has made the natural world more intelligible even to the masses. But I propose to touch upon some evils arising from an exclusive, unreflecting, applica-

tion of the concept. I may therefore announce my text: The concept of Evolution is a good servant, but a bad master, of the human mind. The observing mind is free.

Since the evolutionary view is not the only way of looking at things, an uncritical, unphilosophical acceptance of it results in our neglecting other ways of considering matter, life, and thought. The tyranny of this view will blind us to questions of the utmost importance. Thus, when everything is regarded as flowing in an endless stream, we tend to forget the gaps within the series, and also the gaps preceding and following the series. There *are* gaps. Night is a gap in the series of our days. Death is a gap at the end. That which precedes a given series may be the cause of it. That which precedes the entire series called the phenomenal world is the Final Cause of the entire series. But there are two other points that a purely evolutionary form of thought will slight. The first is the pattern of a thing, considered without respect to time. The world without, and the mind within, are full of patterns; we speak of them also as 'forms,' or 'ideas.' The sum total of them is that all-embracing pattern which the Greeks called the 'cosmos.' You may consider the individual pat-

tern, and also the cosmic pattern, without respect to time, but as existing in space, or in mind. The second point is the crisis, or conversion, where a given pattern disappears, and is replaced by another pattern. This change, again, may be considered as not occurring in time at all, according to the usual notion of time. Observe, I have mentioned four topics: gaps, the Final Cause, patterns, conversion.

Let us begin with the gaps within the series. It is true, the gaps have attracted the notice of evolutionary investigators. By studying the jumps in the series of living forms, DeVries and others have greatly modified the Darwinian theory of natural selection; so much so that they who piously fight the Darwinian theory are fighting a shadow of the past. But we are dealing with evolution as it is conceived by the many, whether advocates or opponents. To these, it suggests an unbroken series, or a *continuum*, in the world of living forms; it suggests the descent of man, by an imperceptible gradation, from an ancestral ape of some millions of years ago. It probably ought to suggest a creature, neither man nor ape, from which, by steps of uneven length, over varied gaps, both men and apes may have descended.

You cannot have a series without gaps between the items. When you construct any series for yourself, you find the gaps as necessary to your purpose as the integers. Without gaps you have no series at all, but an unbroken unit. However, if you make the gaps small enough, you can cheat the beholder into thinking that the stream *is* continuous. Let us illustrate with a large gap, and then with small ones.

Suppose I say that a bit of protoplasm, yesterday in the deep Pacific Ocean, is to-day a respected citizen in Boston. Who believes it?

But suppose, having unlimited time at our command, we use less noticeable gaps, and say: Two hundred million years ago certain chemical substances began to draw together at the bottom of a nameless ocean, and one hundred million years ago they had united to form a bit of protoplasm. Next day this protoplasm bulged out a little on one side, and then the bulge drew back into the globular mass. Next day it bulged a fraction of an inch further. Next day the bulge caught on a grain of sand, and the globular amoeba was pulled a fraction of an inch toward shore. Next day the creature moved a little nearer shore. Next day it moved a little nearer. One day, after millions of years, it reached the

shore, and there it rested. Next day it stuck its nose out of the water, and then drew back. Next day it came half-way out of the water, and stayed a while. Some time thereafter it came out of the water, and did not go back, but rested. There passed a weary time before it began to move imperceptibly inland. One night it rested under a tree, the bottom of which it inspected. After a time — after some days, centuries, or aeons — having developed strength and other appurtenances, it began to climb the tree. And now it spent its nights, and some say most or all of its days, in the branches. And one morning to its delight it found that it had a little tail. In course of time this tail became longer — longer, and more useful to hands and feet when the creature wished to swing about the tree, or down to the ground and up again. But the creature now began to spend more and more of its time upon the ground, and, ape-like, became more and more contemplative. As it sat, its tail began to wear away. At first the tail was three feet long, but later it was two feet and eleven inches. By inches it diminished to one foot ten, to one foot one, to eleven inches, to nine, to seven, to five, to three, to two, to one, to nothing you could see but something you could feel. I have not men-

tioned the changes that went on in the creature's eyes and nose and beard. To tell the truth, the form as a whole was not altogether unlike that of a man. An hour ago I saw a creature like it walking on the street.

Any naturalists who may read this will forgive me for what I know is a travesty. They have a much more plausible sequence. I have offered what Socrates perhaps might have called a partly true, though possibly erring, myth. But if you believe in mere lapse of time as a cause, if you believe that infinite duration will make white whiter, or good better, there may be more in such a myth than some excellent people fancy. If I had heard the fifty-drachma course in the Antiquity of Man, I could give you a truly plausible myth. But indeed, like poor Socrates, I have heard only the single-drachma course. I quote from the London *Times Literary Supplement* for March 19, 1925:

> Human pre-history is science flavored with excitement. It is science, for its data require exact knowledge of anatomy, geology, and anthropology for adequate selection, assessment, and interpretation. The excitement comes from the circumstance that the data have accumulated beyond all expectation, and that almost month by month some new discovery throws, not perhaps exactly an apple of discord among an-

thropologists, but a new piece the fitting of which into the puzzle-map may require extensive shifting of the known pieces. Sir Arthur Keith, for instance, could hardly have passed the last proof of this revised and expanded edition of his useful book when the news came from South Africa that the first fossil anthropoid ape had been discovered, and might throw a new light on the relation of men to apes. . . . Sir Arthur Keith believes that the branch representing modern man is extremely ancient, going back well into the Pliocene, and supports his view by many interesting arguments. . . . Every one must welcome this candid exposition of a difficult subject, in which extreme care is taken to set forth not only the conclusions, but the methods by which they have been reached.

The evolutionary hypothesis, then, is itself in a fluid state. Please bear in mind that the hypothesis *is* a myth, in the good sense of the word myth. It vivifies facts, and helps to test facts. But it is not in itself a proved fact. It is just what it is called, a hypothesis, a product of the scientific and poetical imagination conjoined. It is likely never to be proved. The assumptions regarding the origin of primitive man are likely to undergo more change in the next two hundred years than they have undergone in the last seventy-five. Sir Arthur Keith is at odds with other specialists because he finds evidence that the remains of a certain higher type of early man

antedate the remains of a lower. For myself, and I try to be scientific in another field, the accumulating data of prehistoric anthropology still look meagre as compared with the large conclusions so-called scientists are drawing from them. To me, the evidence points to varieties of early man, as far back as the evidence takes us, with differences as great as the differences between the Englishman and the Australian black-fellow to-day. But the further back, the slighter, necessarily, is the evidence. If several patterns of *homo sapiens* arose contemporaneously, we probably shall never know it. If the pattern of man and the pattern of ape arose by DeVries-like jumps from one single parent stem, we probably shall never know it. The problem doubtless belongs among those to which Du Bois-Reymond attached the label, *Ignorabimus*. The problem of ultimate origins, as it takes us out of time, takes us out of natural science. Why, then, assume that the lower form or pattern ultimately precedes the higher in time? In history we do not assume it. If higher means morally better, or imaginatively superior, then all Christendom believes that the highest possible type of our life appeared nineteen hundred years ago.

The life of Christ reminds us that it requires the religious, not the scientific imagination, to perceive the ultimate origin and First Cause. This perception, as Kant tells us, is an act, not of knowledge, but of faith. By faith, then, we mean the highest kind of imagination.

I now ask you to consider another myth, here using the word myth in the best and highest sense — as we use it in studying the parables in the New Testament. The well-known story of the Creation in the Book of Genesis is itself said to be a myth or imaginative pattern that developed from earlier sources. This pattern and its alleged sources unquestionably look alike, though there are differences — that is to say, a gap — between them. And it certainly has been interpreted and reinterpreted since the Hebrew Scriptures entered Europe, and were translated into Latin by Jerome. We commonly read the story, however, not in Latin, nor yet in the original Hebrew or Aramaic, but in English, in the Authorized Version of 1611. Yet in the English-speaking countries the story has exerted its influence to a large extent through the Miltonic adaptation of it in *Paradise Lost*. Now, Milton did not scruple to elaborate the short and simple story in the Bible with details adapted from

Ovid and other classical writers; and accordingly, from the time of Milton down to Darwin, and later, the popular conception of Genesis owes a heavy debt to the English poet and his non-Biblical sources. I venture to think that it is the Miltonic story that has seized upon the popular imagination.

But again: Milton may or may not have believed all through his life in the first three chapters of Genesis as a historical account of the Creation. Before the Protestant Reformation there were Church Fathers and leading spirits of the Christian faith who did not regard the story as mere literal truth, but as something higher than that. In fact, throughout the ages the Church has tended to consider it an allegory, as poetical and universal, as timeless, rather than historical and particular. Milton, at all events, had read enough, and was poet enough, to see that the question of its historical truth was small in comparison with its poetical or universal truth. Besides the Church Fathers, he had read Aristotle, and not for nothing. Aristotle told him, what America needs to know, that, while the truth of history and science is local and particular, the truth of poetry is something higher and more philosophic, being independent of time and

place. Adam is man — Everyman. *Paradise Lost* is happiness lost, as men constantly lose it.

Well then, the truth of religious poetry, such as Milton's, is of a higher sort than so much particular truth as there may be in the Darwinian hypothesis, misinterpreted as both Milton and the modern anthropologist have been by unphilosophical and unpoetic — not to say unreligious and illiberal — minds. We may add that the evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin, as modified by Mendel and DeVries, has not yet attained to the universality of the account in Genesis with its insistence upon a First Cause. Whatever of universal truth shall crystallize out of the present flux of scientific opinion, it will not reach its highest human expression until a great poet shall arise to give it an enduring pattern:

> Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.

In England during the second half of the last century, and in America at present, we have seen a conflict between the Miltonic and the Darwinian myths. The conflict has not troubled very great religious or scientific leaders. It is not important. For the daily living of the individual, it makes small difference whether you think that God formed the first man out of a

monkey, or out of clay — out of the dust of the ground, as we sometimes translate it, but Jerome says terrestrial clay. It is, however, more certain that both man and ape are made of dust and water than that either pattern has grown out of the other, though a good Christian must admit that the two patterns have some features and functions in common. Every living organism is composed of terrestrial elements. Man and ape are both of them eternally, constantly, made and remade out of physical elements that enter into the composition of this planet. There is a steady interchange between the organism and the physical environment. The air goes in and out as we breathe, bringing material and carrying material away. Every seven years, it used to be thought, the interchange is complete; not a single atom of matter but has been replaced in you. The seven-eighths that are liquid come and go more quickly. Finally, the individual — the protoplasm, man, or monkey — comes to a physical end; the physical pattern dissolves, and the dust returns to dust. The religious imagination, the Christian Faith, which is the highest step in human evolution, tells us that the spirit which animated the human dust returns to God, the Spirit who gave it.

I have tried to suggest values as well as limitations of the evolutionary hypothesis, with some reference to the pre-history of man. The popular emphasis on that side is unfortunate. But — *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* Yet there are sequences that are more important, and capable of being more adequately worked out. Of these I shall touch upon two because they are so obvious and significant, and upon two others, partly because I ought to know more about them than about anthropology and zoology. Let us take, then, four sequences: the growth of the human individual, including the embryo in the womb; the order of our thoughts; the history of language; the appearance and growth of literary types.

The growth of the embryo, the development of the individual, is important to us on personal grounds, but important also because it can be studied at any point we like, and at many points in the series of changes. We can begin with the ovum and spermatozoon from the point where they unite, and can follow the resulting organism at very slight intervals throughout the growth of the foetus, and, so to say, continuously from birth, through childhood and adolescence, into maturity and old age, to death. We have far

more abundant and precise data for studying this sequence than, say, for studying the pre-history of the human race. But embryology also lies outside of my special field. I have only to add that our observation of the human foetus cannot be absolutely continuous; it must after all be made at intervals. Thus there are gaps in our observation. There are also jumps over gaps in the development of the creature. And the Ultimate Cause of the seemingly continuous parts of the growth, as well as of the apparent jumps, will always remain hid. Let science push the sequence of causes ever further back, yet there will always come a point where the investigator will say, *Ignorabimus*. This receding point would still be met, even though we might so far observe the conditions as to rear a human egg in an artificial environment — as we have long hatched chickens in an incubator. We might occasion life by the juxtaposition of synthetic proteid matter under sunlight, and still the Cause of life would be in hiding. It is as Job says:

> Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.

I mention next the development of language, chiefly because it can be and has been more exactly studied than the history of living animal forms, let alone those that have long since perished. We can see language grow up within us along with the sequence of our own thoughts. And, historically, the evolution of languages was worked out by Rask, Bopp, and Grimm, before the time of Darwin; and more adequately than the sequence of animal forms has been worked out since. Are the biologists aware of this? They have something to learn from the students of language. We literary and linguistic persons have not so many millions of years in our pockets, and are more thrifty when it comes to spending even pennies. We know our epochs more definitely, and, being interested in words, are careful about our general terms. Some of us are conscious all the time of the actual meaning of the word 'science.' We, too, have observed new linguistic forms, arising like the 'mutants' of DeVries in the realms of flora and fauna. The gaps and jumps in the development of language, the inbreeding and the mixture of genera and species, are as significant as the seemingly continuous parts of the sequence by which English, for example, has reached its present state. Of late

there is at least one tendency to consider the patterns of speech, less with relation to their history, and more in their actual configuration. Thus the cadences of prose, the oratorical rhythms, which the ancients carefully observed, have again become an object of special study. As for the origin of language prior to recorded history, necessarily it is shrouded in darkness. Can we infer anything about it from the primitive languages spoken to-day? The grammar and syntax of so-called primitive races are much more complex than the grammar and syntax of English.

The order and sequence of speech is intimately connected with the patterns and sequences of our thoughts. Our thoughts are the nearest thing to us, or nearer than that. They are our true existence. *Cogito, ergo sum.* I think, therefore I exist. Here, in the conscious mind, the study of evolution properly begins. The flow of thought and image, and its interruptions, constitute a series, made up of patterns and gaps, about whose growth and nature we can be reasonably sure. We all know how difficult it is to maintain a sequence of thought. New sequences constantly tend to arise, and to break the old ones, even when we try to avoid the dislocation.

New sequences are constantly aroused by external objects, and by sequences impinging on ours through speech from other minds. We also have the power to hold an image or pattern, to maintain a sequence, to interrupt it, to turn to an external object or to another person for relief from a fixed or recurrent idea. The gaps are as important as the integers in the series. The well-shaped pattern, formed of items and intervals, is more important than either of these two constituents. And the possession of a grand or beautiful pattern of thought is more important than the means or process by which we acquired it. Now the formation of a good pattern is essentially the work of the mind itself. By pattern I mean idea. Ideas come to us doubtless when we are prepared for them; even so, we can consciously prepare for them. When they come, they come with a flash. The essential action of the mind lies outside of time. And, again, the action of the conscious human mind is the point of departure for the study of sequence, gaps, patterns, and moving cause in all else. Agassiz has said much the same thing. I quote him:

Cf. Dante, "Paradiso," c. 33, l. 112 ff.

Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And

what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind? Why should it then be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar process, since there is no evidence of any other cause?

For a study of the forms of thought we naturally turn also to ancient Greece. That is the land of human forms. There we see, in their greatest perfection and distinctness, the form of the human body, in sculpture; the forms of human government, as outlined by Aristotle; the basic forms of the pillar, and other details of human buildings; the forms of logic, of human conduct (as in Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and *Ethics*), of philosophy, of the epic poem, the drama, and other literary types. I have in my time paid some attention to the study of literary types; and to me they seem like separate creations, like the forms of thought (only better) that constantly spring up in my own imagination. Each one of the Hellenic types, as it seems to me, is like one of the 'mutants' of DeVries. There are obvious connections between the types, but the gaps appear to be more significant than the connections. In a sense, all that we know of Greek life doubtless grew out of the preceding Aegean or Mediterranean civilization; so that, if we had the materials from which Homer drew, we could

know more than we do about the genesis of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It pays to read what Milton and Dante read if you would understand *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy*; but the sources do not keep these poems from being separate creations. In a sense, again, we know that Aeschylus grew out of his predecessors in the Greek drama, and yet more out of the Homeric poems. So Sophocles grew out of Aeschylus, and Euripides grew out of both. The lives of all three overlapped; and we have the best of evidence that all three are innovators. We may apply the evolutionary hypothesis to them, and find it useful. If it masters us, we are lost as students of the Greek drama. Many subservient causes contributed to their appearance, but the fact remains that the dramatic patterns of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are different because of voluntary efforts in the men themselves. If they approach a universal pattern of the drama — and Sophocles most nearly approaches it — they approach an eternal, not an evolutionary, not an actual historic, pattern. It is well to study them together, it is well to study them as distinct, and a study of them thus is more important than their ultimate historical origins, if we knew them. The evolutionary process,

where we can follow it, throws light on Sophocles, but does not explain him. I have seen the notion of antecedent origins applied to him in such a way that you might think him the unconscious instrument of blind forces, whereas in truth he was a very active and skilful competitor with Aeschylus and others, and, by the systematic adaptation of means to ends, won the victory twenty times in the Athenian dramatic contests. He was not bowled over by any hypothesis. Nor was Aristotle. The latter gives a brief sketch of the development of tragedy, a sketch based upon ample records of which we now have but shreds. He then considers at length what the proper effect of tragedy may be, what that effect is on the qualified spectator, and what should be the construction or pattern of a tragedy that will produce this effect.

Aristotle recognizes a degeneration in Greek tragedy; with his help, we mark its beginnings in Euripides. There can be, then, degeneration as well as progress. In human things, there *is* degeneration when the evolutionary process is not dominated, sometimes interrupted or diverted to one side or the other, by a directing artistic spirit. The nearest approach we know to the artistic spirit that has created the timeless cosmos

is the mind of the poet — the mind of a Homer, a Sophocles, a Dante, a Milton.

Our theme is vast. I can touch it only here and there, all the while desiring to maintain a true perspective. In this perspective, the evolutionary philosophy, while useful, is not high; it is not in itself the finest pattern of human thought. Fluid though it seems to be, it may cramp and bind the human spirit. It is not so fine a pattern as the static philosophy of Parmenides. And neither Heraclitus nor Parmenides is so satisfactory as Plato and Aristotle, who somehow reconcile and combine the fluid with the static concept, and who, while laying due emphasis upon the notion of becoming, lay the final stress upon the timeless form and pattern.

But I have thus far neglected, or reserved, one item in my own sequence, or pattern. This is the point of conversion. We might call it, Getting out of a rut. I mean the conversion from a bad pattern to a good. This point, again, can be illustrated in one's own experience, and in the sequence of our own thoughts. As a change in religious experience, it does not belong to Christianity alone, having recently been studied for other types of religion as well. To us, however, conversion is associated with the term 'repent-

ance,' which translates a word in the New Testament, the Greek word *metanoein*. *Metanoein* means to change the direction of the mind, sometimes to reverse the motion, but at all events to get the mind out of the groove or sequence in which it is tamely running, and to give it a new pattern. The change may be effected, not by the introduction of a new piece on the chess-board, but by shifting the pieces already there. Dante, who had observed this purposeful change in himself, gives a graphic picture of it at the end of the *Inferno*; his moving picture is like an Ovidian Metamorphosis, but it is not Ovidian; it is Dantesque. Now almost at the precise centre of the Earth, at the central point of time and space, grasping the ugly, hairy form of Lucifer, Virgil, bearing Dante, 'went down between the matted hair and the icy crusts':

> When we were at the place where the thigh turns exactly upon the thick of the haunches, my Leader with labor and with straining turned his head where he had had his legs, and grappled himself to the hair like one who climbs, so that I deemed we were returning again to Hell. . . . Then he issued forth through the hole of a rock. . . . I thought to see Lucifer as I had left him — and saw him hold his legs upwards. And if I then became perplexed, let the dull folk consider it who see not what is that point which I had passed.

By a tremendous, authentic, conscious, individual effort, the mental pattern has been changed. There has been a motion of the will under the influence of faith — that is to say, imagination — and with the help of the good Virgil. It is a deliberate turning from cold mental darkness upwards toward warmth and the light.

The way up and the way down are one, says Heraclitus. You have your choice which way to follow. The individual, and any nation, has its choice, and can turn at any gap in the series. Every point in that infinite series represents a gap, is a possible turning-point.

But I must close my own series. The same Heraclitus who says that all things are in a flux, and who finds the average man rolled aimlessly in that flux, said also: 'One to me is as good as ten thousand if he be but the best.' If the course of our thoughts, or the course of our reading, has been aimless, or in one groove, or bad, we can turn to the best writers for a change. There are authors like Homer and Dante, there are authors in the Bible, who put patterns into the mind, fortify the will with celestial treasures. They increase our faith — that is, build up the imagination. Some of them have better things to say of the First Cause than has Heraclitus. Yet the

Cf. 86, 47. Cf. R. Jones, 86, 142.

great philosopher of flux recognizes a First Cause: 'This Word,' he says, 'this Logos is everlasting'; and again: 'Everything happens in accordance with this Word.' Nor in considering the endless stream of the past does he forget the endless stream of the future. He affirms that 'There await men after death things they do not expect or dream of.' But it required a higher imagination than his to say: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.'

John 1:1.

I John 3:2.

Cf. Rufus Jones, [illegible], 99ff. "The Better Possession."
Cf. Rufus Jones, [illegible], 83-88.

LOSS AND GAIN

Let us begin with a direct question. Next after life itself, and the lives of those who are nearest and dearest to you, what would you least desire to lose? Would it be youth? Physical beauty? Such wealth as you and your family may possess? Bodily health? Eyesight?

Now please remark the order of our terms: loss and gain. Would you put loss before gain? The usual order of such terms is the other way round — as in 'profit and loss.' Can you begin to lose before you have made some gain? 'We brought nothing into this world,' reads the service over the body of the dead. As for the mind, experts used to say that at birth it was like a clean slate, a *tabula rasa,* without a sign of the tit-tat-toe to come in the game of life. Thus it is commonly supposed that we start with nothing at all; that at first we have naught to lose, and everything to gain. Throughout youth we often have this feeling, as is natural enough in those at school or college who are nearing the point of entrance to a larger, sterner world. Life opens before you,

with all its great prizes yet to be won: a home of your own making; wealth, it may be; the wisdom and experience of maturity; lasting friendships with accomplished men and women; a permanent activity or occupation.

Nevertheless, let us hold to the order: loss and gain. At any time the possibility of loss is great. Actually, every one has the most desirable things to begin with. There is your slate, for example, and it is clean. A clean slate, a clean pad, is ready for the most beautiful forms and patterns you can draw. Or, to change the figure, there is your new musical instrument, your unspoiled mind; it is perfectly tuned, and will reproduce the noblest rhythms, the loveliest harmonies. And all about are the most fascinating patterns to copy on the memorial slate: the forms of bird and cloud, and tree and mountain, and the human face divine. And all about are heard the most enchanting melodies, never-ceasing, of river, waterfall, and wind, and the choicest cadences of human speech, to which your soul will respond, if you will let it, like an aeolian harp to the breeze. At all events, the most desirable things are largely independent of what is commonly called wealth; how often the struggle for money interferes with the enjoyment of them! And the

great fear is, not that we shall fail to gain what we do not already possess. The danger is that we shall lose what is already in our hands, or is ours for the taking. What are those good things that every one has, or may take, and may keep if he or she wishes — those things that can not be bought with money?

We need not mention the things that money *will* buy — food, shelter, clothing — matters to which nearly all our fellow Americans give anxious thought. Undisturbed thought, a little of it, and reasonable industry, the outcome of a decently-trained mind, will secure the so-called necessities of life, and allow us to go about the business of living, a business more important and musical than that of food, or shelter, or profit and loss in dollars and cents.

The things we all possess, without money and without price, are such as these:

Love. First and foremost, the love of God; His affection for us, and our response to it. Next, the love of relatives and friends. Third, the love of country. Divine love, family affection, patriotic feeling; these are the most valuable of all possessions, and they have nothing to do with money.

Nor has the next class of good things, the

works of great poets, orators, historians, and novelists. The enjoyment of poetry and all noble literature of other sorts is a good, open to all, the value of which can not be reckoned. A child of eight or ten can have it; a youth or maiden of eighteen or twenty may have missed the chance of it.

And surely the beauties of external nature are free to all: the exalted sun, the wandering moon, the heavenly host of stars, regularly moving in their courses; the forms and rhythms of cloud and mountain, plain and river; the thrilling cadences of birds, the patterns of flowers and of their dancing, beautiful shapes and motions of animals both rare and common; the music of the wind and the brook; the changing beauty of autumn, winter, spring, and summer; the throbbing cry of insects. These are all good things. They differ from what the modern economist calls 'goods' in being more desirable, and in having no price. They are not for sale; they can not harm the possessor. They are unlike money, which, as Ruskin has taught us, may be the source, not of well-acting and well-being, but of ill-acting and ill-being — not of wealth, but of illth. Yet every one has a capacity for enjoying the sights and sounds of external nature. In

every one of us, this capacity may be dulled or lost, or it may be developed and increased. In spite of the average economist, let us style them 'goods.' Wherever I am, as Dante is reported to have said in exile, I have the sun and the stars.

Of all external goods, sunlight is the best. It descends, like the life-giving rain which it causes, equally upon the unjust and the just. Without it, all life ceases. The chequered network of gleam and shadow it produces in the forest, the rhythmical patterns light works through cloud, on hill, over rippling plain and heaving ocean, are said by poet and painter to be the very poetry of landscape, a kind of silent music, a rhythm for the eyes of men. And why should the rhythmical play of light and shadow be thought poetical? Because this chequered pattern much resembles that beautiful pattern within us which we call the human soul. Like recognizes like. The pulse of the sunlight is as the pulse of the mind.

Of internal goods the best and finest is this very mind or soul — your personality. By common consent, the heaviest affliction that can befall the individual is loss of mind. Think what insanity means! To go on living, with bodily strength unimpaired, it may be, but with dis-

ordered faculties, the inner pattern all awry, the normal music all jangled, out of tune, and harsh — this is a death that is worse than death. Insanity, however, is so rare that most people need not fear it. Again, there is joy when an inmate of the asylum regains his mind; but this uncommon experience does not at present concern us.

Nevertheless I do intend to speak of loss and gain of mind or soul, though of a loss or gain of another sort. This kind of loss or gain is going on all the time in all persons; it especially concerns every one who tries to give or to receive an education.

XX But first note this. Most minds or souls are by nature good and able. We have a way of talking about the ordinary man and the ordinary intelligence, as if the possessor of a normal human mind did not own a treasure of superlative value. When you come to think of it, the human mind, the mind of the average person, is a wonderful instrument. It can remember, reason, imagine, 'do' Greek, Latin, mathematics, and history; it can master the general scheme and all the details of a great poem like the *Odyssey*, or a great building like the Cathedral of Chartres; with the help of a book it can relive the life of a Dante or a Milton. It can read the

Bible. Look at its organ, the brain, or at engravings of the brain in any text-book of anatomy. What complexity, yet what adaptation and compactness in forty-five or fifty ounces of tissue! Or glance at the curriculum of the nearest school or university, and see what marvels we all believe the mind of any normal youth or maiden will perform. Or consider the strength of the memory when the owner is interested — in gossip, for instance, or in athletics. Think what the mind will do with your past when you are in sudden mortal danger. Or think of the perfect knowledge of streets and buildings in the head of the dullest cab-driver or policeman in New York or London. His mind is an excellent pattern of the city.

Let us illustrate further. Not long ago I asked the keeper of a garage: 'What are the good kinds of automobile?' He answered: 'They are all good, if you take care of them.' See that everything is tight and well-oiled. Do n't drive them slowly all the time; and do n't drive them too hard. Do n't strain them. Yet give them plenty of work. It is even surprising what most of them accomplish when neglected. And the same is true of minds. Even after long neglect it is astonishing what they will do on the

approach of a term-examination. Most minds or souls, then, are naturally good and competent. In the best practical book we have on education, I read:

> There is simply no basis for the complaint that but few have the capacity to grasp the knowledge their teachers offer them, and that most, through dullness of comprehension, waste both time and effort in trying to become educated. On the contrary, you will find that most are quick to reason and ready to learn. Such quickness is natural to man. As birds are born to fly, horses to run, and wild beasts to be fierce, so our minds are by nature endowed with activity and sagacity; so much so that the soul is thought to be of heavenly origin. Dull and unteachable persons are as abnormal as monstrous births and deformities, and the number of them is small. Thus, among boys, good promise is shown in the great majority; and if the promise dies out as they grow older, the reason obviously is not a lack of natural ability, but neglect.

So says Quintilian, who still gives the most helpful course in the principles and practice of education.

In fact, though we are bound to recognize differences in the mental power of individuals, it always pays to regard the minds of any group as capable — that is, if they are not selected for deficiency. And, though we must all believe in talent, it is best to think of talent as the very

efficient use of an instrument, the mind, which every one possesses. In his biographical notes, Aubrey began to say of Milton, 'He had an extraordinary memory,' but erased the adjective so as to read, 'He had a very good memory'; adding: 'but I believe that his excellent method of thinking and disposing did much help his memory.' Character and energy, good habit, have more to do with a successful life than have differences of brain. President Theodore Roosevelt in youth was almost a weakling, and not very clever as a student. By wise and persistent effort he ultimately gained a powerful physique, and a quick and fertile mind. With the same determination, and the use of common sense, the majority of young men and women, starting betimes, could treble their efficiency. Susanna Wesley taught her children, by the method of plain good sense, to such effect that her daughters at the age of ten could write a letter, and read aloud, better than most women of that day could all their lives. Such is the result of a sound and regular — or shall we say, rhythmical? — mental discipline.

But what is the mind or soul? Can any one really say? You can at all events watch it working in yourselves, and thus can know it better

than any one can describe it for you. What is life? No one can give a very good answer, and yet every one is aware of life as a reality. As we know a fig-tree by its fruit, and a thistle by its burs, so we know what life is by what it does; and we know what the soul is by what it does and what it is like. One poet compares it to a star: 'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,' says Wordsworth of Milton. Another, a Shelley or a Plato, compares it to a wingèd creature, with a tendency to fly rhythmically upward, or to a cloud, already high in air, and with a rhythmical motion. Indeed, I have already hinted that the soul is like a rhythm or musical pattern; and the justice of this comparison may be tested in the following way. When you see some man at a distance, if he is a friend you can recognize him by his gait — that is, by his bodily rhythm. Or when you are in the dark, and some member of the family enters the room, you do not know who it is until she speaks, and then you instantly know by a rise and fall, or rhythm, in her words — by what you call the inflection of the voice — by what students of language term the cadence or melody of speech. You recognize this cadence, whether you catch the meaning of what is said or not. Actually, so we are told, every indi-

vidual has his own individual rhythm or cadence in speech, just as he has his own rhythm in walking, his gait. And this outward rhythm, audible in speech, visible in the motions of the body, corresponds to the inner rhythm which we call the soul; it is your tendency to act in a particular way, and shows itself in what are known as habits. Good habits, again, are orderly ones. So it is not by accident that we find Plato saying: 'The life of man in every part has need of harmony and rhythm.' Nor is it accidental that Aristotle at one time identifies character with one's habit of choice, and at another declares music to be the closest of all arts to the soul. One kind of soul is moved by one kind of musical rhythm, and another by another rhythm. And again, Aristotle maintains that the soul most perfectly expresses itself in music. I think we should all agree to that. We like what is like us. The good soul, listening to good music and poetry, says: 'I like that.' Not only do we like what we are like, but we are what we like. Our choices make us.

Thus, as any employer, any teacher, will tell you, the way to discover what a new person is like, and is good for, is to offer him two alternatives — one a task more difficult at the outset but

more useful in the end, the other easier and more pleasing at first glance — and to see which alternative the individual chooses. After a few tests, a few choices, you know the rhythm or pattern of that soul. Here, for example, is a test for the prospective student of English. Will he take up the study of Greek and Latin, and learn the cadences of the King James Bible, and so in the end be able to write a decent style, and to read what is best in modern literature with intelligence and feeling? Or will he content himself with scribbling daily themes and reading Shaw and Ibsen? But I hope to touch upon the nature of a literary education later.

The human soul is not just the energy or force you feel within, driving you to action. A brute animal has some such energy, but not a soul like that of man or woman. The human spirit is that energy disciplined and working out a pattern of life through self-control. To resume, it is the bundle of habits, the result of many choices, that make you what you are. It is a light, wingèd, powerful, and lovely creature. It is like a noble rhythm in music. Or at all events your capacity of having a soul is your capacity for becoming such a creature, and resembling such a rhythm.

And now we come to our real topic — that is,

loss and gain of soul, loss and gain of inward beauty, real power, the habit of rhythmical and ordered action.

Loss and gain of soul? We are accustomed to think of a person losing his soul in a notable, decisive, perhaps sudden way, as by once, and once for all, committing the unpardonable sin, and at that instant devoting himself to an eternity of woe. So a wretch may lose his reason from a quick blow on the head, or swift calamity may change the color of one's hair in a night. To-day it is black and lustrous, to-morrow white as snow. But, says the Roman poet, no one ever became utterly vicious in an instant. And our hair does n't commonly change color in a night. The process usually begins with one gray hair.

Nor does one gain one's mental powers, one's soul, in an instant. The process, whether of gain or loss, is gradual, always going on in one direction or the other, never stationary. Every one of us at every moment — at this moment — is either gaining or losing that ordered power and beauty called the soul. Of that you may be sure: you are either gaining or losing power every day of your life. You will continue to lose or gain to the end of life — according as you choose.

Soul, mind, habit, power. Power, the glad

impulse to great deeds, the glad impulse to the toil and drudgery of life, this is the one real good in the individual. If you have power over your own mind, if you have self-control, you have that which all desire, power over the souls or minds of others. Am I not right in fixing on power as the good which all people wish to gain? Is it not this, when you really think of it, that they most fear to lose? Why, for example, do people wish for money, and fear to lose it? Almost no one desires to have it merely for the sake of looking at it. Misers who gloat in secret over a pot of yellow gold are rare — though gold is beautiful. But there is nothing particularly beautiful about a bank-book, or a check bearing your signature. The fact that the check with your signature enables you to control others — to make the grocer give you bread, and the tailor give you clothing, and the railway transport you — this is why you like money.

The case is much the same with masculine or feminine beauty. You may, indeed, spend too much time gazing at yourself in a mirror — as Narcissus kept looking at his reflection in the water until he lost his soul and became a thoughtless flower. Yet even here what you like is the effect of your handsome person on yourself —

the possession of power. But much more do you care for the power that the quality of your face, your form, your raiment, gives you over your fellow men and women. You value it most because of its effect upon others. With this you win a favorable reception; or with this you make your admirers come and go. The positive value of outward beauty can not be denied, as the positive value of money can not be denied. External things are right in their place. 'The manners of the French are on the surface,' said some one to Whistler. 'Precisely where they should be,' replied the artist. Yet outward favor and beauty are of little worth when they are animated by nothing better than bodily health and a lazy good will.

Let us therefore rather think of real, inward favor, essential beauty. This is the sort of goods or power which has its effect not only upon all other beautiful human souls, but upon the heart of the Divine Creator. Said Dante of the beauty of his Beatrice: 'I think of a truth that its Maker alone enjoys it in its fullness.' Such is the favor, such the beauty, that is worth gaining if it can be gained, and that one should fear to lose if there is danger of losing it. Can this inward beauty be lost? Certainly; and when it goes,

the outward beauty will go with it, not suddenly, but gradually, and at last without recall. Can comeliness be gained? Can it be regained? Can one's real favor be increased? Certainly. And with the gain of inward beauty you may increase your outward favor, too; a man or woman may actually transform not only plainness but so-called ugliness into radiant power. The Greeks were lovers of beauty, and by some are thought to have understood and appreciated it above all other nations. And which of the Athenians affected them most to joy and exaltation? Was it not Socrates with his snub nose, his round bald head, his barrel body and unusual gait? — 'stalking and jetting like a brent-goose in our streets, and casting his eyes askance.' The inward beauty of his soul shone through the comic mask with which he was born; it could not be concealed; it eventually transformed the friends with whom he shared the rhythms of his thought and speech; it inspired the Greek gift to modern civilization. Nay, in the Bible we read of one without form or comeliness, with no beauty that we should desire him, who yet has become the desire of all nations.

True beauty, therefore, can be sought for and acquired; seek and ye shall find. One

way of acquiring it is to read the Socratic Dialogues of Plato, preferably in Greek, but if that is not feasible, then in a good translation. Once gained, true comeliness eventually shines through, illuminating your visage, transforming your life, revitalizing the lives of those about you. Most fathers and mothers in extreme old age are beautiful.

Ecclesiasticus 26:17.

The power I speak of is a power for good. The power to do evil, and the beauty that works harm, can hardly be explained. We occasionally have to reckon with baleful power and baleful beauty. We have met, and shall meet, them in life. Fortunately they are rare. When we do meet them, in the rake or the flirt, in the eloquent sophist or the seductive and immoral poet, let us remember that in themselves the beauty and the power are good; it is some evil connected with them, making false use of them, and not the good things themselves, that do the harm.

But to resume: what we all desire, and what we all hope to gain from an education, is beautiful power; power over ourselves, good power over our fellows. In other words, what we wish to gain is soul; for, strictly speaking, what you set out to win in life is your own soul, something you do not fully possess at the beginning. Now,

if you do not fully possess your own soul, you possess nothing. In that case you cannot give yourself to any cause or to any person; and instead of your controlling material things, such as money, they will grip and hold you. Your emotions will run away like wild horses. You will be unable to guide the course of your own thoughts. You will be in constant fear of losing your money or the like. You will give anxious thought to the relatively unimportant business of making a living for to-morrow, and will neglect your main affair, which is living a human life to-day.

To speak in terms already used, if there is no regular pattern within, no order and precision in your habits, especially your mental and emotional habits, if there is no rhythm in you, no music, you have no soul at all. Or if, let us say, the energy within you, that which gives you life and motion, is timed and attuned to vulgar rhythms and discordant notes (I have in mind what is called 'jazz,' and miscalled music), then that is the kind of soul you have, that is the kind of person you are, that is you. I have lately been showing to certain undergraduates at Cornell University two graphic illustrations, pasted side by side on a placard, with a quotation from

the *Politics* of Aristotle above them. Each of the illustrations contains three figures. The first is taken from *The Book of the Great Musicians*, by Percy A. Scholes, and represents the youthful Mozart, aged eleven, with his sister and father, engaged in performing a trio. The affable young Mozart, seated upon a conveniently high chair, his little feet far above the floor, his eyes intent upon a sheet of noble music, plays on the spinet, and leads. His father, standing behind him, and looking at the same sheet of music, seconds his efforts on the violin, while his sister, standing at the side of the spinet, in the third angle of a well-designed picture, joins in, not with an instrument, but vocally. The other illustration is a photograph, by Underwood and Underwood, of three tailless apes — actual apes from the jungle — seated in a row on three wooden stools; three of their six legs are dangling, and three have a grip on the rungs; two of their muzzles are shut, and one is open. Each pair of hands is at work with an instrument. I cut this picture from the Illustrated Supplement of the *New York Times* for a given Sunday, where it is thus described: 'Hollywood's Famous Jungle Jazz Band: Mary plays the first violin, and leads, Mike plays the guitar and "doubles" — not in

brass but vocally — while Bill tickles the strings of the mandolin.' Above these two contrasted pictures my students read the legend taken from Aristotle's treatment of education and its bearing upon the welfare of the State:

> Let the young practise . . . such music as we have prescribed . . . until they are able to feel delight in noble melodies and rhythms, and not merely in that common part of music in which every slave . . . and even some animals find pleasure.

It rests with the young men and women of America to say whether our national soul shall be an imitation of barbaric rhythms and brutal noise, unfit for the dance of savages, or an imitation of the sort of harmony and rhythm which Plato says the life of man has need of in every part.

X You may gain a good and beautiful mind or soul, gradually, if you wish. The power to attain it is the most valuable gift you have. It cometh from above, not from the jungle. If you utterly lose that power of attainment, then indeed you have lost your soul and lost your mind. This most valuable thing is yours in the sense that no one can take it away from you. No one else can rob you of your inward power, your inward beauty. You alone are responsible if you

Good!

fail to gain it. Losing it, you lose all that life has to offer. Gaining it, you gain all else; for the comely soul, and it alone, knows how to use external comeliness, wealth, influence, social position, political advantage. And it will have enough of these things for its purpose. Whatever the bank-account, it will use that as a blessing; whatever the social position, it will dignify that; whatever the physical beauty, it will transform that into something spiritual. As the least beautiful of our kind is human, and humanity the most beautiful thing in our world, every one is capable of transfiguration when the comely soul shines through.

Power is exerted through many channels. Having glanced at the way in which it uses wealth and beauty, I now have something to add on the manner in which power is exerted through words. The beauty of youth decays. Riches take wing, and are gone. The power of words, through the rhythms of human speech, once gained, cannot be taken from you. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but living words shall not pass away. It is in speech and writing that the inward rhythm, the soul, most shows itself. By words the father governs his children, the officer his troops, the statesman his city or nation.

Wealth, visible beauty, and all other forms of human power, operate mainly through speech and writing. Through speech and writing we receive our education.

Accordingly, let us end with a practical turn. We have already alluded to Quintilian and his treatise called *The Education of an Orator*. A work of broader scope and more general application than its title nowadays would suggest, it may be vigorously recommended to all who wish to put philosophy, or good sense, at the helm of our national life. What I have to add is in keeping, I trust, with the spirit and precept of Quintilian.

How to gain power over ourselves and others through the spoken or written word is the main problem in education. The mark of success in learning is the ability to control others, to increase their power and beauty, through discourse.

How is this ability acquired? The answer lies in experience. How have others acquired the power?

1. The first essential is character. One must love the truth, and strive to see it and tell it.

2. The second is the mastery of some one subject or art. Know some one thing well. And whatever you study, make all converge on the main

object you have set before you. Art is long, and life is short. But any well-trained mind — nay, any person with courage and determination, can learn to do some one thing extremely well within the space of three years.

For discipline in writing, do not indulge in too much original composition. Good writers in the past have not begun by emptying their heads before their heads were full. On the contrary, they have begun by studying the patterns and rhythms of their predecessors, by good and faithful, rather than servile and careless, imitation. Therefore do as they have done. Take an excellent passage from the foreign language you know best; from Latin or Greek if possible; but French or German will do if you choose your passage well. Translate it into perfect English with the help of grammar and dictionary; spare neither time nor pains — and remember that taking pains does not mean taking pleasures. This done, lay your work aside for a season, and when you have forgotten the details, translate your English back into the original tongue. Also take a passage from a good author like Ruskin, and translate it into the foreign language. After an interval, again, when you have forgotten the details, retranslate the passage into English, and then

compare your English with that of Ruskin. Carry on this practice, not with many things, but much and often, aiming at perfection. By such means Queen Elizabeth and Sir Philip Sidney formed their style. The literary apprenticeship of George Eliot involved little writing of her own invention. She was passionately devoted to solid studies, and her practice in composition mainly consisted in translating from the ancient classics and German. Paraphrasing the standard English authors is likewise an excellent way of improving one's command of thought and expression. This was the method pursued by Benjamin Franklin, in whose *Autobiography* we find a diverting account of his efforts and their result. He would take one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator,* and make an outline of the thoughts in it, a pattern of the whole, so to speak. Then he would lay his work aside for a time. Afterwards he would reconstruct the essay from the outline as best he could, and compare his diction with that of his model. He continued this laborious and painful process until he mastered the art of writing well. Franklin believed that by following his method any person of moderate intelligence could do as much. Too bad that his recommendation is not oftener heeded in these

latter days when we have seen a vast amount of hasty writing for courses in 'English,' with little or no improvement, or a positive retrogression, in the usage of students, not to mention that of their teachers; the teachers have generally overlooked the counsel of Poor Richard, Cicero, and Quintilian. Nor do we find that the advocates of 'oral English' mean by it the kind of oral practice that has helped to form the style of our best writers of prose such as Ruskin.

Finally, read the best authors, those who have the best patterns of thought and the best cadences. Read them aloud, and memorize choice portions of them. Need one say, read the Bible, and become so familiar with certain passages in the Authorized Version that they grow to be a part of your very soul? Listen to the testimony of Ruskin on his debt to the cadences of Biblical English; through them, as he tells us, his soul was 'established in life.' Says Ruskin:

> I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music — yet in that familiarity reverenced, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

Ruskin says:

Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own election, and my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline — patient, accurate, and resolute — I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature.

He continues:

As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. . . . In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. . . . After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length . . .) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound. . . .

But it is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise, —

toil on both sides equal — by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn these paraphrases, and chapters (the eighth of First Kings being one — try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!), allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it.

Thus, says Ruskin, 'she established my soul in life. . . . And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge — in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after-life — and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential,* part of all my education.'

One of the chapters memorized by Ruskin was the eighth of Proverbs, in which an ancient Hebrew, with a Hebrew's love of precious stones and precious metals, nevertheless affirms that wisdom is more precious than rubies, or than silver and gold. What is there translated as Wisdom, the Greeks and Boethius, and Dante and Bacon, call 'Philosophia.' How the Proverbs insist on it! With all your getting and gaining, get wisdom; get understanding, whatever else you may gain or lose. Doth not Wisdom cry? and Understanding put forth her voice?

By her cadences and rhythms kings reign, and princes decree justice. 'Riches and honor are with her; yea, durable riches and righteousness. Her fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and her revenue than choice silver.' For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

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